

The Convention of Breeders at Chicago.

There is no class of the horse upon which there is so much advice given by the agricultural press as this one, and a good deal of it is thrown away because the farmer, the best judge of what he really requires, discovers that the writers generally reason from incorrect premises. It is a fact that few farmers will altogether agree as to what constitutes a good farm horse. Their idea of weight and size will be governed by their necessities, which vary greatly according to the class of farming they are engaged in, the shape their farms are in, the quality of the soil, their proximity to market, etc. It will be seen, therefore, that the farm horse in one locality will not be so regarded in another. A farmer, with strong land to work, and whose farm is new and just being brought into a state of cultivation, must have a stout, hardy team, that will have sufficient weight to pull heavy loads, and do it every day. The farmer on an older, cultivated farm, surrounded with good roads, does not require so much weight, but must have greater activity. Each of these farmers knows quite well what his requirements are, and generally aims to secure teams to meet them. The average writer upon this subject starts out with the idea that the farm horse, like the thoroughbred or the trotter, has certain recognized characteristics, and that they can be bred so as to meet the views of every farmer, by following certain prescribed rules; and they wonder that farmers do not at once adopt the methods they advise for securing this machine wonder—a horse that will suit the

men being given to pedigrees and French records.

 **Farm Matters.** 

SORGHUM.

Reports of What Has Been Done at Champaign, Illinois, this Season.

A special correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, writing from Champaign, Ill., the headquarters of the sorghum industry in that State, gives a summary of the results achieved the past season, which, it may be added, has been one of the most unfavorable known for 30 years. In view of this the report is regarded as highly favorable, so much so that it is the intention of the two companies mentioned to largely increase their production the coming season. The Champaign Sugar Company was organized two years ago for the purpose of manufacturing sugar by the Webber-Scovell process, and established their works on a capital of \$25,000, and at the end of the first year reorganized with a paid up capital of \$50,000, enlarging their works. The plant as now established cost the amount of the capital stock. The plant is well equipped and on a scale large enough for the best results, and Prof. Weber has been secured as chief chemist. The results of the year 1883, unfavorable as they have been, are by no means discouraging. The company raised 145 acres of cane, yielding nearly 10

The company began operating last spring and have had only one season's experience. This company raise no cane of their own. It is not their policy to do so. They have been able to make favorable contracts with farmers for all the cane they want at a rate as low as they could them selves raise it. This plan worked well with the single exception that some growers were dilatory about bringing in the cane as fast as it could have been used. A most unfavorable season was encountered by the company the first year. The crop was two weeks later than usual. The night of Oct. 13 severe cold weather froze all the remaining cane solid, about one-third of the whole crop. The company worked on for two weeks with this frozen cane under a steady deterioration, and after that time turned all into sirup, and instantly abandoned the use of what was left. In an ordinary season this freeze would have done little harm.

The product of the season is as follows: They crushed 5,715 tons of cane. From this they made 203,000 pounds of sugar, and eleven in the market eight to eight and seven-eighths cents per pound, and 35,000 gallons of sirup, worth 40 to 50 cents per gallon. This product is sold in the surrounding counties and cities. The quality of this sugar is equal to a fine Southern "C" sugar.

Three varieties of cane are used by this company—viz, the early amber and early orange, chiefly, and some of Link's hybrid, which is very much like the early orange, only a week later.

but little attention, except to keep the road a few inches the highest in the middle and a good gutter on each side of it. Whatever other roads are neglected, those which lead from the public street to the farm buildings should be well built, and kept in good repair."

Agricultural Items.

THE *New York Tribune* says the real name of the mysterious "tramp" who does a good deal of barn-burning is Spontaneous Combustion.

THE *Kansas Farmer* insists there is now no danger any doubt about the making of sorghum sugar at that State. At Sterling and Hutchinson sugar was made this fall in large quantities, with no failures. The soil and latitude especially favorable to the industry in that State.

JENNEY elder has always been in the habit of crossing Ohio and returning genuine champagne. Now we hear that sausesages made in this country the genuine Frankfort article at their former American value. Thus we see foreign airs assumed by inanimate as well as traveling travelers.—*The Husbandman*.

IT has been noticed at the New York Experiment Station that the liability of potatoes to rot seemed to bear no relation to the vigor of the plant, the feeble plants often failing to furnish rotten tubers, while the more vigorous ones suffered badly. It appears that decay is not always followed by rot, though the former is never altogether. This may come, however, on the blight not being in all cases the fungus which produces the potato rot.

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 8. Cough, Cold, Hoarseness..... 25
 9. Cough, Cold, Painful Periods..... 25
 10. Hoarseness, Cold, Bronchitis, Vertigo..... 25
 11. By sea-sick, Ill from Storms..... 25
 12. Soreness of the Throat..... 25
 13. White, too Profuse Periods..... 25
 14. Croup, cough, Difficult Breathing..... 1 00
 15. Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions..... 25
 16. Rheumatism, Eczematous Patches..... 25
 17. Fever and Ague, Chills, Fever, Ague..... 25
 18. Piles, Blind or Bleeding..... 25
 19. Catarrh, Acute or chronic, Venereal..... 25
 20. General debility, Eminent Fatigue..... 25
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Horticultural.

FLORICULTURAL.

A CORRESPONDENT of Good Cheer counts those who must be limited in their number of house plants, to choose first a carnation, geranium, next a rose geranium, then, in the order indicated, calla, heliotrope, begonia (*B. Watsoniana*), and fuchsia. Ivy for one bracket, *Hoya* for the other; *Oxalis floribunda* for the hanging basket.

MARY WAGNER FISHER says in the *Rural New Yorker*: Two or three years ago, I had all the panicles in the lawn planted in one large circular bed; the deep red in the middle, the white next, the pink in the outside row. This year I counted nearly two hundred blossoming buds, and one morning there were between fifty and sixty freshly-blown white panicles. The bed was a beauty, and when out of bloom it looks well, the foliage being so handsome. The roots were lifted in November.

At a late social entertainment the Princess of Wales is said to have carried a bouquet of large lilies tinted with delicate pink and blue by the absorption of dyes through the stems. The dyes do not in the least affect the perfume or freshness of the flowers. The process is the discovery of Mr. Nesbitt. It is said flowers refuse to absorb certain colors. Some of the lilies which had been treated with a purple dye separated the red and the blue, the colors being divided in the process of absorption.

No plants are better suited for prolonged winter blooming than the common pelargoniums, or geraniums, as they are commonly called, says the *American Cultivator*. The great number of varieties now offered by florists enable one to make a large and varied display in a winter window, of geraniums alone. Geraniums delight in a rather heavy, coarse soil. Mix well-decayed sods or other soil heavy with vegetable matter with one third its bulk of cow manure, and fill a six or eight inch pot with it, setting in the geranium and placing it in the window where it is to remain during the winter. Give them plenty of light and sun.

In selecting hyacinth bulbs, remember that the largest are rarely the best, and choose by preference fair sized bulbs with a good firm crown. A hyacinth planted the first of November will take three months in blooming; one planted in January will flower in thirty days. Soil for hyacinths should be rich and contain a large proportion of sand. Keep the soil well saturated with moisture, but not too wet. A pot four or five inches in diameter is large enough for one plant; one six inches in diameter is sufficiently large for two; and one twelve inches in diameter for ten. Do not force the bulb into the soil but make a place for it in the pot with the fingers. The upper surface of the bulb should just show above the soil. Or for winter blooming the bulbs may be started in water. Let the base of the bulb just touch the water and replenish it as it is removed by evaporation. The bulbs should be kept in a cool, dark place till a couple of weeks before it is desired that they shall flower. In such a place the root formation will develop though there will be very little top formed. Some days before the blossoms are wanted remove the plant to a room where the temperature is a little less than 70 degrees.

"DAISY EYEBRIGHT," in the *Country Gentleman*, says that pot bound plants will always produce more flowers than those which have a greater abundance of room, therefore small pots should have the preference. None of her pots are over six inches, and many are planted in four and five inch pots for winter blooming. She adds: "The large plants, which have bloomed freely all summer, can be saved in a frost-proof cellar after frost has killed their leaves. Cut off all the tenderest shoots; pull away the dead leaves and blossoms, and procure shallow boxes, not over six or eight inches deep, fill with sandy soil in which to plant the geraniums, roses, fuchsias, heliotropes, etc. Pack them in closely, pressing the soil firmly upon them. Cut off the tops, thin out the branches, and wet the soil a little. Put them where potatoes will keep well. Once a month look at them, and if dust-dry, give a little water. They should be put into the darkest part of the cellar, and in March, if you would like to force a few for early blooming, put them into very rich compost, and place in the kitchen windows, if they are sunny, or in a chamber window, where the morning sun strikes warmly. Give quite hot water to the roots, and they will soon bloom brightly. Heliotropes and roses kept through the winter in this manner, and potted in February or March, will be in full flower in a few weeks."

SAYS *Gardening Illustrated*: It is not only on the score of tidiness and the improved aspect imparted to a flower garden that withered or decaying blossoms should be removed from the plants, but the health and vigor of the plants, and their ability to produce a continued succession of fresh flowers, is preserved by the operation, as in many of the gayest flowers produced from seed, directly the flower begins to wither the seed-pods begin to swell up, and so rapidly do they absorb the strength of the plant that the later flowers refuse to open, and the display is brought to a brief termination. But remove the seed-pods, and the plant will quickly recover, and go on flowering again as freely as before. I mention sweet peas, Canterbury bells, and *Antirrhinum* as well known plants to experiment on. Try a few plants, and note the result of removing or leaving the seed-pods to mature, and you will soon find that you cannot get the same plant to go on flower-producing and seed-producing at the same time. Therefore if you value the appearance of your garden, let the seed-producing go, unless it be of some extra good variety you wish to perpetuate. I frequently try to note

two neighboring gardens, both situated and treated alike in every respect, except that in one the dead flowers and seed pods are carefully removed daily, in the other they are left to take care of themselves; the result of this simple attention makes all the difference between a lengthened and a brief display.

A Royal Apple Show.

The Royal Agricultural Society of England held an "apple congress" at Chiswick in October, at which 8,000 plates of apples were exhibited. On the appearance of the English exhibit a visitor comments as follows:

"Few, probably, have any idea of the range of color and shape which our two thousand varieties of English apples traverse, and it will surprise them probably, to hear that when spread out all together they rival in variety and resemble in appearance an exhibition of cut roses. From deep maroon they pass through bays, browns and chestnuts to orange-chrome yellows, saffron, lemon and primrose; every shade of green from sage to grass; and almost every tint of crimson and pink. Nor in shape are they less diverse, for the apple under scientific culture imitates a surprising number of fruits. Many kinds resemble peaches with audacious accuracy, others pears; the Duchess Favorite and Sops-in-Wine, a old English flower name that well deserves to be preserved—mimic nettle; the American and Siberian crabs are like morella cherries; the Lemon Pippin simulates the African grenadilla, the fruit of the edible passion flower; the Lady's Finger, the American alligator pear; the Lord Suffield, the Indian guava; the Wax-apple, the Chinese loquat; the Golden Knob, the Oriental bael; another variety, Lemon Pippin, the green flag; and so on through a long list. And the imitation is not merely a fanciful and questionable one, but curiously exact. No Hindoo child would doubt for an instant that the Lord Suffield was a veritable amroot, nor an English child, taking up one of the Pearmaines in his hand, suspect that it had really got hold of an apple. In a few cases, moreover, the fruit is eccentric in imitation, as those which take flat disks, the others that wrinkle up as if they were tomatoes, or the others that work themselves into sharp ridges like the fruit of the tropical apple. One apple, a Guernsey pippin, is exactly like a fossil sea-urchin from the chalk, while some of the russets resemble effigies of apples cut out of stone rather than the juicy aromatic fruit that they are. Supreme in all the show for size combined with beauty of coloring is the famous Washington, while running in very close indeed are the tastefully tinted and perfectly symmetrical Queen and Nonchance. For weight, perhaps, the Belle Dubois is the heaviest apple on exhibition, while for curiosity of flavor the Pine-apple Pippins deserve especial mention. All the old favorites, the Golden Pippin, Ribstone, Blenheim, Orange and the rest, are of course abundantly represented, while the prodigious variety of tempting looking fruit—pure yellow, like models in golden wax, clear uniform crimson, or exquisitely streaked and splashed with various purples and pinks—is such that no parents with a proper regard for their children's peace of mind should take them within the show. It is enough to keep a school-boy awake for many nights together, or to distract him to insanity from longings that cannot be assuaged."

Insects on House Plants. "Elm," the horticultural correspondent of the *Husbandman*, says: "Those who grow plants in the house labor under some disadvantages from which the keeper of a greenhouse is exempt. The latter can fill the atmosphere of his house with the fumes of tobacco as often as he chooses. This is a sovereign remedy for the more common pests that infest indoor plants. But the housekeeper, who keeps her flowers in the parlor or dining-room, can not do this. Again the keeper of the greenhouse can keep his atmosphere moist by evaporating plenty of water, which the housekeeper can not conveniently do. This helps to prevent the attacks of some insects. And last, but not least, the florist, from his long experience, is able to tell at a glance whether or not his plants are suffering from the presence of insects.

"The most common insects that trouble plants in the house, are the green fly, or aphid, and the red spider. The former is a small flatfish, pale green louse, that infests the foliage of many plants. It often requires a little scrutiny to find it, as it is nearly the color of the leaves. It does not devour the leaves of the plants, but feeds upon their juices, thus destroying their vigor. If the plant is thoroughly infested with this insect, when its presence is first discovered it will be safest at first to carefully rub off as many of the parasites as possible, either with the hand or by brushing them off with a small brush. After this is done, dip the plant in tobacco water, of a strength that makes it about the color of strong tea. The tobacco water is made by soaking tobacco leaves or stems in water.

"The red spider is a more difficult insect to detect than the green fly. It is very minute, being almost invisible to the unaided eye. It does the greater part of its mischief upon the under side of the leaves, though its presence may generally be detected by the upper surface of the leaf assuming a brown color. Doubtless many a plant droops and dies in this manner from the injury done by this minute pest, without the one who cares for the plants ever suspecting the real cause. The remedy is the same as that given for the green fly. If the tobacco water is not convenient, the leaves of the infested plant may be carefully sponged off, which will generally prove effectual. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. The surest way to escape damage from these insects is to immerse the plants in weak tobacco water about twice a week; or if the plant is large, the tobacco water may be applied with the syringe.

"Drafts of cold air should not be allowed to strike house plants. The plants should have a change of atmosphere occasionally, but cold air should not be allowed to come in contact with them; if

it does, it is very likely to cause mildew. "Water should be used that has about the temperature of the air in the room. Cold water is injurious. Water should not be applied directly upon the stem of the plant. It should rather be poured upon the surface of the soil in the pot, but not so rapidly as to wash the earth from the roots."

Fruit, and Fruit Culture.

Jesse Robinson, in the *Indiana Farmer*, says:

All kinds of fruit, to succeed, must have a soil, in kind, adapted to their nature, and have suitable drainage. Orchards would be better with a tile drain between the rows, unless subsoil is porous. Apples, of all fruits, have, as to soil, and climate, the widest range and are the main fruit crop of the world. Pears and peaches do best in dry, rolling land. The peach, especially, requires hilly ground with strong limestone clay subsoil. Rich land with gravel subsoil is not adapted to the peach. In such soil they will make a fine growth, but will be sensitive to winter and bear but little fruit.

An item or two in regard to the growth of pears and peaches, known to but few, will be of great value. Pears grafted upon the stock of wild red have a fine flavor, will bear more certainly, and will be forever free from blight. The peach, grafted upon an apricot stock, bears well, and is free from grubs and the yellows. Another item in the growth of peaches is valuable. After the first year's growth, dig the dirt from the stock, around and beneath, leaving it stand on three strong lateral roots. Each year thereafter enlarge the hole a little, until about the size of a half bushel. Once a month, in summer, fill this hole with hot soapuds; and in winter with stable manure. Remove the manure in spring. In this way, the stock, standing on three roots across a cavity, is hardly free from grubs; and the tree, free from yellows, will keep thrifty. Try it. Suitable varieties, crossing and culture are the main essentials in successful fruit growing.

But culture, the thing most neglected, is what I wish to press upon the attention of farmers. It is as essential for fruit as for grain. Fruit orchards should be plowed twice a year—in spring and fall, and left as if prepared for sowing wheat. An orchard should never stand in grass, especially the peach. Nothing will so speedily destroy a peach orchard as to keep in grass. Grafting is essential, and is very simple when understood. Every farmer could easily, from the seed, raise his own fruit trees, if he would learn the very simple method by which nurserymen graft in the root.

The Management of the Peach.

In his peach circular J. T. Lovett, the well known proprietor of the Monmouth Nurseries, says:

"The peach requires a warm, dry soil that is moderately rich in fertility; but as it is a gross feeder and draws heavily upon the soil, especially of potash, nutrient should be supplied in the form of bone-dust and potash. Wood ashes are excellent, as are also some of the commercial fertilizers—notably, pure ground bone. Potash should be supplied in abundance by all means, for not only is it useful in supplying the requirements of the tree but in repelling the 'yellows,' the great enemy of the peach. Muriate of potash is the best form to use, applying broadcast always.

"In preparing for planting the land should be plowed thoroughly and as deep as possible without bringing to the surface the sub-soil, following in the furrow with a Goodall or other good sub-soil plow. The tree may be planted 15 to 20 feet apart each way, according to the character of the soil—the more sandy the soil the more closely they may be planted—the usual distance being 16 or 18 feet each way. The best way to mark out the ground for planting is to furrow it with a one-horse plow both ways at the desired distance. In planting be careful to cut off all bruised or broken roots smoothly and trim back all side branches to within a few inches of the main stem—small ones to a whip—and cut back the main stem at least one-third its length. Many, particularly at the South, prefer to have the trees head low, and to cause them to do this cut off the entire tree eighteen inches to two feet above the collar when planting.

"The first two years after planting, beets, mangels, sweet potatoes or other hoed crops may be planted among the trees, after which time they should be given the full use of the soil; and whether the space between the trees be devoted to hoed crops while they are young or not, the soil then and in after years should be kept always as mellow and as free of weeds throughout the season as a field of corn; being careful never to disturb or injure the roots, while plowing or cultivating. A peach orchard should never be planted to grass or grain crops, as such are exceedingly detrimental to the trees.

"Although the peach is more generally neglected in pruning than any other orchard fruit, yet there is none that more liberally repays for the trouble and expense, both in the superior yield of the fruit and maintaining vigor and fruitfulness. The peach should be annually headed in to produce a sturdy tree with a round, compact head instead of being allowed to grow into one with an open, spreading, unsymmetrical top as usually seen. In pruning always use sharp tools. "June budded trees are those budded in June, cut back and the top forced all the same year that the seed is planted. Though small in size they are beautifully rooted and succeed nearly or quite as well as the larger trees which are a year older, unless when planted at the far North in the autumn."

The South Haven and Casco Pomological Society will strive to settle the question as to whether the bee is an enemy of the fruit grower or not.

Cured When Physicians Gave Up. "Our family physician gave up our child to die," wrote Henry Kane, Esq., of Verillia, Warren Co., Tenn. "It had ticks. *Samaritan* Nerveine has cured the child." \$1.50.

Horticultural Notes.

Most of the members of the South Haven and Casco Pomological Society ascribe the failure of the fruit crop last season to the extremely wet weather at blossoming time, which washed off the pollen, and prevented fertilization.

The *Country Gentleman* says a good insecticide for garden plants is made by boiling four ounces of quassa in gallon of water and adding two ounces of soft soap, diluting as may be necessary, and applying with a syringe. It is especially good for aphides.

The best soil for plants, says John Thorpe, in the *Gardener's Monthly*, is turf from a rich pasture, cut two and a half inches thick, laid closely together till it has somewhat decayed then broken up and mixed with one third very rotten manure or leaf soil. The leaf soil can generally be found under large trees where standing thickly together.

The *Gardener's Monthly* says clematis seed should be sown as soon as ripe. If sown till spring many of the seeds will lie in the ground a year before germination. Some kinds of clematis do not seed freely, but there are readily increased by layering. The clematis is such a beautiful plant, and so readily grown that it should be more frequently seen about our country homes.

The following from the *American Cultivator*, on the treatment of frozen plants, may be worth making a note of, since the cold weather is at hand: Allow the plants to remain where they were frozen. Darken the room as completely as possible, and sprinkle with cold water directly from the cistern. A few drops of camphor in the water will improve it; do not let the room become warmer than 47 degs. for 24 hours.

G. A. GEDDES says, in the *Country Gentleman*, that in growing strawberries for profit in the fruit it is poor policy to test largely of new, untried sorts, however highly they may be praised. It pays best to raise only the very best varieties, which for the market means those sorts which are most productive of the largest salable berries. Hence it is wise to test each popular variety, on a small scale at first. The majority of these, however, will be cast aside after careful trials, as being no better than the older, well established sorts. This vital question of varieties is one upon which it is hardly safe to accept advice from others. Every strawberry grower should depend largely upon his own trials and good judgment in adopting varieties to plant for market.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New York Times* tells how he had fresh pie-plant pests during the winter: "Last fall I took up a quantity of chubarr roots, and instead of throwing them away, as I intended at first, I dug them up with plenty of soil, packed them in half barrels and put them into the cellar. In a short time they sprouted and made large shoots, which served for pies and tarts through the winter in a very acceptable manner. Of course the roots were exhausted by this growth, and of no further use, but it was no more trouble to throw them away than in the fall, and there was a good deal gained by keeping them over. Old rhubarb roots are greatly improved by taking them up and replanting. Each root may be broken up into several pieces, and this work may be done now better than in the spring."

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Apianian.

To Bee-Keepers.

A. J. Cook, Professor of Entomology at the State Agricultural College, has issued a new and enlarged edition of his "Bee-keepers' Guide, or Manual of the Apian," the former editions having become exhausted. The new edition contains 250 pages and 129 illustrations. It has met with the strongest approval from the various journals devoted to apian affairs, as well as from thoroughly practical bee-keepers. The fact is the Professor understands his subject and writes in such a clear and concise way that the merest novice can follow him understandingly. To the new beginner the Professor has conferred a great boon, while his researches into and investigations of the scientific department of bee-keeping will prove of the greatest interest and value to the oldest veteran. It is a sufficient proof of the great popularity of the work to state that 10,000 copies have been sold since 1876. The new edition is sold at \$1.25 per copy; but to those of our readers who would like to procure it we will send it, postage paid, and the *FARMER* one year, for \$2.25, a discount of 50 cents on the regular price of both.

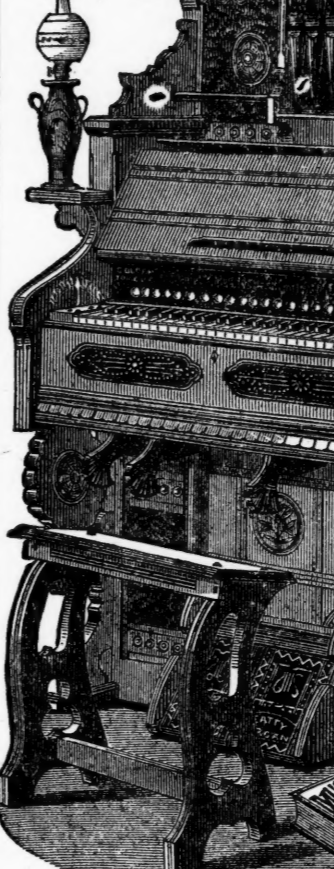
A New Enemy of the Bee.

Prof. A. J. Cook, the eminent apianist, calls attention to a new pest which has made its appearance in many apianaries. After referring to the fact that poultry and all other domestic animals often suffer serious injury from the attacks of parasitic mites, and that even such household stores as sugar, flour, and cheese are no free from the ravages, he tells of the discovery of a parasitic pest among bees. He says:

"During last spring a lady bee-keeper of Connecticut discovered these mites in her hives while investigating to learn the cause of their rapid depletion. She had noticed that the colonies had greatly reduced in number of bees, and upon close observation found that the diseased or falling colonies were covered with the mites. So small are these pests that a score of them can take possession of a single bee and not be crowded for room either. The lady states that the bees roll and scratch in their vain attempts to rid themselves of these annoying stick tight, and finally, worried out, fall to the bottom of the hive, or go forth to die on the outside. Mites are not true insects, but are the most degraded of spiders. The subclass, *Arachnida*, are at once recognized by their eight legs. The order of mites (*Acarina*) which includes the wood-tick, cattle-tick, etc., and mites, are quickly told from the higher orders—true spiders

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MICHIGAN FARMER

State Journal of Agriculture.

A Weekly Newspaper devoted to the industrial and producing interests of Michigan.

JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers.

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P. R. BROMFIELD,

Manager of Eastern Office,

150 Nassau St., New York.

The Michigan Farmer

State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1883.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week were 135,644 bu. against 202,273 bu. for the corresponding week in 1882, and the shipments were 40,650 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 344,213 bu., against 224,965 last week, and 344,502 the corresponding week in 1882. The visible supply of this grain on Dec. 1 was 33,231,949 bu., against 32,251,158 the previous week, and 19,993,959 bu. at corresponding date in 1882. This shows an increase over the amount in sight the previous week of 990,791 bu. The exports for Europe for the week were 514,075 bu., against 474,690 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 6,177,744 bu., against 10,682,749 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1882.

The market has been dull throughout the week, with both cash wheat and futures tending downward. Only 175 carloads of cash wheat were sold, and 530,000 bu. for future delivery. Considering the continued dullness and general depreciation of values in all lines of trade, wheat has shown as much strength as could be expected, the decline during the week being small. On Saturday the market to forward the close showed some disposition to advance, and values closed higher than on the day previous. Yesterday the market, under favorable advices from Chicago and New York, was advanced from Saturday's closing prices, and closed firm at the highest points reached. The demand was more active, both in spot and futures.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from November 15th to December 10th:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5	No. 6
Nov. 15	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
Nov. 16	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
Nov. 17	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
Nov. 18	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
Nov. 19	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
Nov. 20	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
Nov. 21	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
Nov. 22	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
Nov. 23	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
Nov. 24	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
Nov. 25	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
Nov. 26	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
Nov. 27	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
Nov. 28	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
Nov. 29	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
Nov. 30	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
Dec. 1	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
Dec. 2	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
Dec. 3	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
Dec. 4	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
Dec. 5	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
Dec. 6	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
Dec. 7	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
Dec. 8	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
Dec. 9	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
Dec. 10	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2

There is no disposition to indulge in speculation at present either by dealers or the general public, and as a consequence futures are neglected. The following table gives the closing prices of the various grades each day during the past week:

	Dec. 10	Dec. 9	Dec. 8	Dec. 7	Dec. 6	Dec. 5	Dec. 4	Dec. 3	Dec. 2	Dec. 1
Tuesday	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2	1.01 1/2	1.00 1/2	0.99 1/2	0.98 1/2
Wednesday	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2	1.01 1/2	1.00 1/2	0.99 1/2	0.98 1/2
Thursday	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2	1.01 1/2	1.00 1/2	0.99 1/2	0.98 1/2
Friday	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2	1.01 1/2	1.00 1/2	0.99 1/2	0.98 1/2
Saturday	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2	1.01 1/2	1.00 1/2	0.99 1/2	0.98 1/2
Sunday	1.07 1/2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2	1.01 1/2	1.00 1/2	0.99 1/2	0.98 1/2

There is nothing new to chronicle in future outlook of the market, and until the holidays are over we do not look for an increased activity in the grain trade. In fact the industrial situation is becoming grave, and capitalists are withdrawing their money from many branches of business. It is the same in Great Britain, where heavy failures and suspensions have also occurred. As to the outlook abroad, the N. Y. Produce Exchange Weekly has this to say:

"The English importer of wheat and the English grower of wheat are equally dissatisfied with the current values of wheat in the United Kingdom. The British India wheat grower is not better satisfied than the English grower or the English importer. The English wheat grower has for nearly three months been selling his wheat below the cost of production because he must sell to pay his taxes and taxes and for making his crop. After Christmas, and these duties satisfied, he will refuse to deliver except at higher prices—at least sufficient to pay the actual cost of growing and some profit besides. The wheat shipments from British India have, in consequence of the low prices or the small remaining export surplus, or both, been about terminated, having diminished to small proportions. The estimated 45 million bushels that was expected to come from the British India crop harvested in March and April last will scarcely be half the quantity estimated. South Russia will not ship her wheat surplus, which is not nearly as large as usual, because she does not fancy the selling of her crop below the cost of production."

The foreign markets continue weak and depressed, with surplus stocks so large as to weaken holders. The following table shows the prices ruling at Liverpool on Monday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

	Dec. 10	Dec. 3
Wheat, extra state	12s. 0 d.	12s. 0 d.
do do do	11s. 6 d.	11s. 6 d.
do do do	11s. 4 d.	11s. 4 d.
do do do	11s. 2 d.	11s. 2 d.
do do do	11s. 0 d.	11s. 0 d.
do do do	10s. 8 d.	10s. 8 d.
do do do	10s. 6 d.	10s. 6 d.
do do do	10s. 4 d.	10s. 4 d.
do do do	10s. 2 d.	10s. 2 d.
do do do	10s. 0 d.	10s. 0 d.

C. M. FELLOWS, President of the Michigan State Sheep Breeders' Association, writes us to announce through the Farmer that all lady visitors to the convention to be held at Lansing next week will be very welcome, and he hopes to see a large number present.

CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 66,886 bu. The shipments were 66,189 bu. The visible supply in the country on Dec. 1 amounted to 8,621,903 bu., against 8,844,165 bu. the previous week, and 6,460,699 bu. at the same date last year. The export clearances for Europe the past eight weeks were 5,780,973 bu., against 723,677 bu. for the corresponding eight weeks in 1882. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week of 261,170 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 63,548 bu., against 52,483 bu. last week, and 18,703 at the corresponding date in 1882. Two years ago the visible supply at this date amounted to 18,717,921 bu., or 10,294,526 bu. more than at present. The market for old corn is very firm, owing to small stocks and the unwillingness of holders to part with what they have. Some new corn has been offered, but it is in poor condition, and too soft to be handled by shippers. Prices in this market are considerably higher, and No. 2 is quoted at 53c per bu., and rejected at 55c. New mixed is offered at 54c per bu., but buyers are afraid of it. In Chicago the market is booming, and No. 2 is quoted there at 60 1/2c per bu. In futures December is quoted at 61c, February at 61 1/2c and May at 62 1/2c per bu. The firmness in old corn is the result of the poor condition of the new crop, even in such States as Kansas and Nebraska, which had heretofore been reported as having a good crop both in amount and quality. We refer our readers to a short article in another column upon this subject. The Toledo market is quoted quiet at 53 1/2c per bu. for No. 2, 33c for December delivery, 59 1/2c for January, and 62 1/2c for May. The foreign markets are quiet, but have also advanced during the week.

The Liverpool market is quoted dull at 5s. 7 1/2d. per cental, against 5s. 6 1/2d. one week ago.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 31,245 bu., and the shipments were 1,000 bu. The visible supply of this grain on Dec. 1 was 5,913,447 bu., against 5,312,132 bu. at the corresponding date in 1882. Stocks in this city yesterday amounted to 63,177 bu., against 52,077 bu. the previous week, and 37,806 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows an increase during the week of 33,449 bu. In sympathy with corn, oats are firm, and values a shade higher than a week ago. No. 2 mixed is selling at 32 1/2c per bu., and No. 3 white at 35c. For future delivery, No. 2 white, December, sold at 34 1/2c, and No. 2 mixed, December, at 32 1/2c. At Chicago oats are quoted strong and higher, with No. 2 mixed at 34 1/2c for spot, 38c for December delivery, January at 34 1/2c, and February at 36 1/2c per bu. In Toledo oats are quiet and firm at 32c per bu. for No. 2 mixed, and the same for December delivery; for January delivery, 33c is quoted and for May 25c. If the advance in corn is maintained, and we see no reason why it should not be, oats must rule firm from this time forward. The crop is entirely consumed at home, so that there is no reason to fear any complications from a lessened foreign demand.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

The butter market has become somewhat demoralized the past week under a lessened demand and enlarged receipts, the high prices having caused a decided increase in stocks offering. Quotations on the general run of stock are lower, and 22c is the best figure obtainable on the higher grades, while 12 1/2c is the range for low to medium grades. Creamery is quoted at 30 1/2c per lb., but is also weak. In Chicago the market is in about the same condition. The Tribune says:

"The last few days have seen a pronounced change in the situation of the butter market. The demand has fallen away to a minimum, and under much freer arrivals than are usual to the season the price of the commodity has taken a pretty severe tumble. Creamery butter is 3 1/2c cheaper than a week ago, and dairy grades are off proportionately. The number of those who think creamery butter will reach 50c before January 1 is much smaller than it was ten days ago."

Quotations there are as follows: Fancy creamery, 37 1/2c; fair to choice do, 36c; choice dairy, 27 1/2c; fair to good do, 26 1/2c; common grades, 15 1/2c; packing stock 10 1/2c. The New York market is again higher, but weak and depressed at the advance. Only the very choicest stock is in request, and the lower grades are nearly unsalable. The Bulletin says of the market:

"There is still thought to be a chance for selling extra fancy creamery at an extreme rate, but they come to hand in a straggling manner, and having a special trade can hardly be considered as representing a basis for quotations. For anything else 35c is certainly too high, and 36 1/2c will buy some pretty nice stock, while serviceable goods range from this on to an uncertain line all the way down to 30c, and at 35c and under sellers are anxious to dispose of their stock. The market is surprised over the acceptance of bids they scarcely expected would receive consideration. State dairy is in ample stock and quite as dull as other grades. In reality, 30c is all that can be depended upon for choice half-bulls, and the best entire dairies are not salable as a rule above 28c, while firkins alone are too much under-neglected to have any regular price, though 20 1/2c are probably as high as should be quoted for a selling basis."

Quotations on State stock in this market are as follows: Fancy creamery, 37 1/2c; good do, 36 1/2c; prime do, 30 1/2c; fair to good do, 25 1/2c; ordinary do, 23 1/2c; best butts and pails, 8 1/2c, fine do, 38c; good do, 22 1/2c; and fair do, 18 1/2c. Quotations on western stock are as follows:

	Dec. 10	Dec. 3
Western imitation creamery, choice	36 1/2	36 1/2
Western do, good to prime	35 1/2	35 1/2
Western do, ordinary to fair	34 1/2	34 1/2
Western dairy, best	33 1/2	33 1/2
Western dairy, ordinary	32 1/2	32 1/2
Western dairy, best current make	31 1/2	31 1/2
Western factory, fair to good	30 1/2	30 1/2
Western factory, ordinary	29 1/2	29 1/2

The exports of butter from American ports for the week ending Dec. 1 were 668,889 lbs., against 1,198,060 lbs. the previous week, and 959,769 lbs. two weeks previous. The exports for the corresponding week in 1882 were 106,351 lbs.

There is nothing new to report in regard to cheese. In this market fine made full cream State is quoted at 14 1/2c for choicest selections, and 13 1/2c for second quality. The Chicago market is

quoted about the same a week ago, with the upper grades in fair demand. Quotations there are as follows: Full cream cheddars, 13 1/2c; full cream flats, 13 1/2c; flats slightly skimmed, 8 1/2c; common to fair skims, 7 1/2c; low grades, 3 1/2c. The New York market is again higher, and holders of choice stock appear to be indifferent as to whether their offers are taken or not. The export demand is only fair, but it is more than ever apparent that the past season was not a favorable one for cheese-making. Quotations in this market are as follows:

	Dec. 10	Dec. 3
State factory, fancy	13 1/2	13 1/2
State factory, prime	12 1/2	12 1/2
State factory, fair to good	11 1/2	11 1/2
Ohio flats, fancy	10 1/2	10 1/2
Ohio flats, good to prime	9 1/2	9 1/2
Ohio flats, ordinary	8 1/2	8 1/2
Ohio flats, choice	7 1/2	7 1/2
Factory skims, good	6 1/2	6 1/2
Factory skims, fair	5 1/2	5 1/2
Factory skims, low	4 1/2	4 1/2

The N. Y. Daily Bulletin of Saturday, in its review of the market, says:

"Cheese holds its own very fairly, and owners of the stock appear well satisfied with the situation. Medium grades of full cream stock and the demand for the same have sold closely, and a selection is more difficult, even when buyers are willing to make somewhat fuller bids. The choice and fancy, when fully up to the extreme mark of quality, are firmly held and in indifferent offer, but there appears to be many lots on which sellers will not admit perfection, and for these the tone is a trifle unsettled, with an occasional fractional shading made in order to realize promptly."

The receipts of cheese in the New York market the past week were 44,729 boxes against 71,878 boxes the previous week, and 50,310 boxes the corresponding week in 1882. The exports from all American ports for the week ending Dec. 1 foot up 3,021,093 lbs., against 3,850,863 lbs. the previous week, and 2,639,109 two weeks ago. The exports for the corresponding week last year were 774,878 lbs.

The Liverpool market is quoted steady at 63 1/2d. per cent, an advance of 6d. over the price quoted one week ago.

WOOL.

There is some weakness in special grades of wool in the eastern market, and these include mediums, combing delaines, and low grades, while XX fleeces are very firm, and good X fleeces steady. The demand for XX wools comes from worsted mills which have been equipped with the new French process, heretofore referred to in these columns, for combing and spinning fine wools. We look upon this as a very important change, and one favorable for an increased demand for fine fleeces. Fine delaine wools are about 10c per pound cheaper than the high spot reached a few weeks ago, and the sales of Ohio X delaines have been at 41c. This weakness has been induced by the purchase of from 15,000 to 20,000 bales of Australian wools for this country, by American manufacturers, some of which has already been shipped. The total sales of wool in Boston the past week have been 2,366,850 pounds domestic and 106,800 pounds foreign, or 2,473,650 pounds in all; against 2,061,200 pounds the previous week, and 1,815,600 pounds for the corresponding week of last year. The receipts of wool have been 6,688 bales domestic and 1,884 bales foreign; against 6,711 bales domestic and 776 bales foreign the previous week; and 5,538 bales domestic and 944 bales foreign for the corresponding week of last year in this market. The sales of washed fleeces for the week included 108,500 lbs. Ohio and Penna. XX and above at 41c; 100,000 lbs. do do at 41 1/2c; 50,000 lbs. do do understood to be at 42c; 40,000 lbs. do do at 40 1/2c; 10,000 lbs. Ohio XX at 39 1/2c; 98,000 lbs. Ohio X at 39 1/2c; 45,000 lbs. No. 1 at 40c; 58,000 lbs. do do at 37 1/2c; 71,000 lbs. Michigan X at 37c; 10,000 lbs. X fleeces at 34c; 3,000 lbs. low to do at 33c; 26,500 lbs. various at 37 1/2c. The sales of combing and delaine fleeces comprised 13,000 lbs. fine Ohio combing at 45c; 6,000 lbs. Michigan do at 43 1/2c; 52,300 lbs. Ohio fine delaine at 41c; 6,900 lbs. do Michigan at 39c; 3,250 lbs. No. 2 combing at 33c; 6,800 lbs. heavy and unmerchantable delaine at 33 1/2c; 79,200 lbs. combing and delaine at 40 1/2c; 1000 lbs. unwashed delaine at 38c. Of unwashed, we note a sale of 14,000 lbs. Michigan at 25c. The Boston Journal, in a review of the market, says:

"The demand the past week has been fair, and prices are steady and firm, particularly for fine fleeces. There is a very confident feeling that fine wools will be scarce as the season advances, and holders are not disposed to sell unless all current rates are realized. One large manufacturer has taken some 200,000 to 300,000 pounds this week, none of which was under 41c per pound for XX, but the sales included some of the best selections on the market. It is also evident that no cheap fine wools can be imported to compete with domestic fleeces. The Australian market continued quite firm at latest advices, and some 15,000 bales had been taken for the United States. The advices from Montevideo report a very firm market there. The London sales are progressing at very full prices, with very little wool offering suited to the wants of this market. From all points, in fact, fine wools are held with firmness, and we cannot look for any lower prices than are now current. The tendency, in fact, is to higher rates, and the only reason why a decided advance does not take place in the market is the fact that the demand for goods does not come up to expectation and the trade in goods is not satisfactory, although the production of choice fine goods is well up."

The New York market is in about the same condition as that of Boston. The U. S. Economist says of it:

"Good qualities of wool remain very firm. Inferior wool and delaine stock are light of choice. For the week ending Dec. 1, the total sales of wool in this city were 2,366,850 pounds domestic and 106,800 pounds foreign, or 2,473,650 pounds in all; against 2,061,200 pounds the previous week, and 1,815,600 pounds for the corresponding week of last year. The receipts of wool have been 6,688 bales domestic and 1,884 bales foreign; against 6,711 bales domestic and 776 bales foreign the previous week; and 5,538 bales domestic and 944 bales foreign for the corresponding week of last year in this market. The sales of washed fleeces for the week included 108,500 lbs. Ohio and Penna. XX and above at 41c; 100,000 lbs. do do at 41 1/2c; 50,000 lbs. do do understood to be at 42c; 40,000 lbs. do do at 40 1/2c; 10,000 lbs. Ohio XX at 39 1/2c; 98,000 lbs. Ohio X at 39 1/2c; 45,000 lbs. No. 1 at 40c; 58,000 lbs. do do at 37 1/2c; 71,000 lbs. Michigan X at 37c; 10,000 lbs. X fleeces at 34c; 3,000 lbs. low to do at 33c; 26,500 lbs. various at 37 1/2c. The sales of combing and delaine fleeces comprised 13,000 lbs. fine Ohio combing at 45c; 6,000 lbs. Michigan do at 43 1/2c; 52,300 lbs. Ohio fine delaine at 41c; 6,900 lbs. do Michigan at 39c; 3,250 lbs. No. 2 combing at 33c; 6,800 lbs. heavy and unmerchantable delaine at 33 1/2c; 79,200 lbs. combing and delaine at 40 1/2c; 1000 lbs. unwashed delaine at 38c. Of unwashed, we note a sale of 14,000 lbs. Michigan at 25c. The Boston Journal, in a review of the market, says:

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the way of growing pine trees. Securus as if the proper way would have been to have left it standing if a monument was needed.

The Union Agricultural Society of Plainwell is out of debt, has a surplus of \$300 in its treasury and is going to have a better fall than ever next year. The officers for 1884 are Thomas Shepherd, President, W. H. Hooper, Secretary, G. G. Soule, Treasurer.

The Rector at St. Mark's Church, Grand Rapids, is working in a common sense way to save fallen women. He is forming a bureau where they can come and read and write and spend their afternoons, receive instruction and secure employment.

Mrs. Stone, wife of Prof. C. W. Stone, of Battle Creek, who was killed in the disaster at Carlton, N. Y., last summer, has just received \$7,000 from the company. If her husband had been injured in life, instead of being killed, she would have received twenty thousand dollars.

A tract of 1,300 acres of pine land in Clare County, estimated to contain one million feet of timber, not equal to common, was recently sold for \$307,000. It is said that much of the land is excellent for agricultural purposes, and so situated that when the pine is removed it can be put in market for agricultural purposes. It is said the purchasers of the tract can make a half million out of the transaction.

Hillsdale has a board of building inspectors who examined most of the public buildings of that city, but were refused admittance to Underwood's Opera House. This action on the part of the board did not discourage the committee, who reported that from their knowledge of the construction of the building, and examination of the outer doors and halls, it was a dangerous place for amusement-seekers.

General.

Arkansas had an earthquake shock last week.

Littie Yost, of Charleston, Ohio, is the last young lady who has mysteriously disappeared.

Denver has had a severe wind and snow storm, which has done a great deal of damage.

Rodinski Bros., a Chicago jewelry firm, have failed. Liabilities, fifteen thousand dollars.

Plunkett & Wright, of Laramie, Ark., have failed and swindled their creditors out of \$40,000.

The wholesale drug house of Haswell & Co., Montreal, was cleaned out by fire on the 5th. Loss, \$85,000.

At New York, last week, the customs officers seized 10 boxes of fur, valued at \$3,000, on account of under-valuation.

A locomotive fell a distance of 200 feet through a bridge near Cleveland last week, drowning the engineer.

The internal revenue taxes collected since June 30, in fifteen of the States for the current fiscal year of \$125,000,000.

The Dover Silk Company, of Patterson, N. J., has failed. Liabilities \$102,000. One hundred and fifty hand-are out of employment.

An engine crossed the new cantilever bridge built by the Michigan Central on the Niagara River below the falls, for the first time last week.

Mrs. Catherine Griffiths, of Sacred Heart, Indian Territory, has leased 400,000 acres of land of the Potawatomi Indians for grazing purposes.

Prominent parties in Texas will soon bring suit in the Court of Claims at Washington to recover the value of Texas slaves emancipated during the late war.

A negro is in jail at Lynchburg, Tenn., who has confessed to setting ten incendiary fires in that place, and it is believed he has made a full confession yet.

A little daughter of Wm. Morgan, living near Elgin, Ill., was burned to a cinder through her clothes catching fire from a bonfire about which she was playing.

John Thomas, arrested for robbery in New York, has confessed that he was the incendiary who set the fire at Red Bank last winter, by which 50 buildings were destroyed.

Charles Freeman, the Pocomsett, Mass., fanny, who murdered his wife, had been held in thought first required of him, has been adjudged insane, and sent to an asylum for life.

The school children at Cleveland gave Patti a very large and beautiful bouquet when she sang to them recently, and the prima donna bestowed the gift upon a colored servant, who sold it.

The Price of Wales has \$225,000 worth of property in and about Kansas City, and his agent has arrived there to make other and extensive real estate investments at Garden City and other frontier places.

The packing house of Sinclair & Company, at Cedar Rapids, Ia., was partly destroyed by fire on the 7th, which consumed the slaughter-house and rendered the premises useless. Loss, \$100,000. The building is worth \$1,000,000.

The rolling mill of Trenton Iron Company, Trenton, N. J., has shut down, throwing 250 men out of work. It is said it will reopen shortly with wages reduced ten per cent, and that the shut down was made to intimidate the men against a strike.

J. J. Johnson, living near Anderson, Ind., was shot and dangerously wounded by a neighboring farmer named Harkness, who, after the shooting, went home, locked himself up in his room and blew out his brains. The trouble commenced about a ditch which divided the two farms.

The main building for the New Orleans Cotton Exhibition will be 1,500 feet long and 900 wide, with a 1,000,388 square feet of floor space, including a million square feet of space, for 12,000 persons. It will be the largest exhibition ever erected except the one in London in 1862.

The seventh session of the National Butter, Cheese and Egg Association, which opened last week at Cincinnati, was very successful. The Secretary reports the total value of butter, cheese, eggs and poultry marketed in the United States in 1882 was \$200,000,000. Value of milk and cream sold, not made into butter, was over \$1,000,000,000. John J. McDonald, of New York, was made President.

The steamship Leaning, sailing from New York for Hamburg, on day last week, with 100,000 dollars shipped by one firm. It is said the money will be deposited of to German emigrants, coming to this country by its face value. When they get to here they will find trade dollars are worth only about 85 cents. A large number have already been swindled in this way.

A school teacher named Leymiller, teaching near Canton, Ohio, is under arrest for punishing a girl pupil, 11 years old, in a manner which suited a man-of-war better than a school-room. He tied a heavy cord to her wrist, and dragged her to the water, and putting the cord over two of the hooks used for holding wraps, drew the girl up until her head was over the floor. In this condition the girl hung from 9 o'clock in the morning till 3:30 in the afternoon, when her mother having been told by one of the pupils, rushed to the school and ordered the teacher to cut her down, which he did. The girl when released was unable to walk, and it is feared has sustained serious injury.

Foreign.

The 30,000 weavers of Lancashire are organizing a strike against a five per cent. reduction of wages.

The boys in several colleges in South and West Yorkshire, Eng., have struck for an increase of wages. The striking nearly 5,000 men into enforced idleness.

A mob at Canton has destroyed the chapel that was built at the expense of the native Christians. The soldiers were called upon and soon succeeded in dispersing the mob. Two hundred men guard the ruins.

Kalbarr, arrested as an accomplice of Wolff in the attempt to blow up the German embassy in London, was held at the prison at Canton, where he was on conspiracy in which five were involved, planned in the hope of securing the arrest of an innocent party and getting a reward of at least \$2,000.

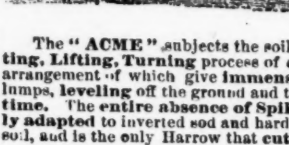
The Chinese admiral at Canton has just notified all resident foreigners that a war with France is imminent. He is making all available land and sea forces for the protection of Canton. The admiral holds France answerable for preying upon the war, and warns all neutral powers strictly to observe the treaty stipulations and rule of international law.

"Rough on Coughs" For children or adults. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 50c. At drug stores.

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Farm Law.
Inquiries from subscribers filing under this head will be answered in this column; the replies are of general interest. Address communications to Henry A. Hays, 111 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

A Question of Drainage Rights.
Law Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR.—A and B, joint farmers; a depression or sag in the surface of the land, runs across the two farms. Along this sag the land is naturally wet. A (being on the lower side) two or three years ago put a three inch tile along this sag up to within about eight feet of B's land, which drained him. A, is now to his satisfaction. Now B, digs a ditch in the same sag across his land and gets four inch tile (believing that three inch tile is not large enough to carry the water) and commences to lay them. A, then says to B, "I do not like to have you let the water on my land and flood it, as my three inch tile is not large enough to carry the water from your land, but you can take the three inch tile up across my land, and replace them with larger tile at your own expense. If you choose to; if not, you must not let the water from your land on mine. Now the question is, if B, puts in the tile across A's land, does he have to pay for it, and does he have to pay for the small, and the large tile, and does he have to pay for the labor of laying them? A claims any damages from B? Please answer. A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—The law in this case depends entirely upon whether the depression or sag in the land spoken of is a natural water course or not, and from the letter I should think it was not.

A natural water course, as defined by Judge Cooley in his work on Torts, exists where a stream usually flows in a particular direction, though it need not flow continuously. It may sometimes be dry. It must flow in a definite channel, being a bed, sides or bank, and usually discharge itself into some other stream or body of water. It must be something more than a mere surface drainage over the entire face of a tract of land, occasioned by unequal freshets or other extraordinary causes. It does not include the water flowing into the hollows or ravines in land, which is the mere surface water from rain or melting snow, and is discharged through them from a higher to a lower level, but which at other times are destitute of water. Such hollows are not in legal contemplation water courses.

Now if this sag above mentioned, is a natural course the upper proprietor, B, has a right to drain his fields into it and the lower proprietor, A, cannot complain if the water in the stream is increased, thereby, unless it is very greatly increased as by draining a lake or large body of water. But judging from what is said in the letter I do not think the "sag" is a water course at all; in which case all the rights of drainage B, would have would be to have the water flow from his land as it naturally would, unassisted by any artificial means, or to drain his land into some stream natural water course.

He would have no right whatever, by means of a ditch or drain, to collect the water on his land and force it upon his neighbor's land, or in any way to increase the amount of water flowing thereon. Even if the ditch should terminate some distance back from the line, but the flow of water should be increased, or if the amount of water should not be increased, but collected and forced upon the land at some particular place in a different manner than its accustomed flow, damages may be recovered for such injury.

An injury that should result to come to some amicable settlement.

More Township Drain Law.
Law Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR.—A township drain commission constructs a drain across certain lands and through the highway, thereby benefiting the highway; has he power to assess to the township any amount he may think proper for the construction of said drain by reason of benefit from drain? Is there any appeal from the assessments of the township drain commission? Please answer the above and oblige. A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—Yes. He shall assess the percent of the cost of construction and maintenance of such drain, which any township, city or village shall be liable to pay by reason of the benefit of such drain to the public health, or as a means of improving any public highway. Section 15 of Act 269, Session laws of 1881.

There is no appeal from his assessment, simply because it is unequal or excessive, unless you can show fraud or malice; but it is subject to a review by the commissioner, upon the request of parties in interest, at or before the time of letting the contracts for the construction of such drain. See section above mentioned.

Greenwood Stock Farm.
A choice lot of Pure bred Poland China Swine for sale at reasonable prices. Pigs in pairs and trios not sold. My herd numbers about 200 head, consisting of the following:—
1. A fine Black Boar, 1 year old, from a fine family. Breeding stock recorded in Ohio P. C. Record. Correspondence and inspection invited.
2. A fine Black Boar, 1 year old, from a fine family. Breeding stock recorded in Ohio P. C. Record. Correspondence and inspection invited.
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Poetry.

PLATONIC.

I had sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to be a maid,
or we both agreed in doubting whether matrimony paid.
And she said her young affections were all bound up in art.
So we laughed at those wise men who say that friendship cannot live,
twixt man and woman, unless each has something else to give.
We would be friends, and friends as true as e'er were man and man,
I'd be a second David and she Miss Jonathan.
We'd like each other, that was all, and quite enough to say,
So we just shook hands upon it in a business sort of way.
We shared our sorrows and our joys, together hoped and feared,
With common purpose sought the goal which young ambition reared.
We dreamed together of the days, the dream bright days to come,
We were strictly confidential and called each other "chum."
And many a day we wandered together o'er the hills—
I seeking bugs and butterflies and she the ruined mills,
And rustic bridges and the like, which picture makers prize,
To run in with their waterfalls and groves and sunny skies.
And many a quiet evening, in hours of full repose,
We floated down the river, or loafed beneath the trees,
And talked in long gradation, from the poets to the weather,
While the summer skies and my cigar burned slowly out together.
But through it all no whispered word or telltale look or sigh
Told aught of warmer sentiment than friendly sympathy.
We talked of love as coldly as we talked of nebulae,
And thought no more of being one than we did of being three.
"Well, good-bye, old fellow," I took her hand for the time had come to go,
My going meant our parting, when to meet we did not know.
I had lingered long and said farewell with a very heavy heart,
For though we were but friends, you know, 'tis hard for friends to part;
"Well, good-bye, old fellow, don't forget your friends across the sea,
And some day, when you've lots of time, just drop a line to me."
The words came lightly, gaily, but a great sob just behind
Drove upward with a story of quite a different kind;
And then she raised her eyes to mine, great liquid eyes of blue,
Full to the brim and running o'er, like violet eyes of dew;
One long, long look, and then I did what I never did before,
Perhaps the truest friendship, but I think the kindest more.

RENUCIATION.

My eyes possess you and my heart,
But never nearer can I come;
The world of which you are a part
Is not nor cannot be my home.
To take you thence would be but ill,
To follow you 'tis now to lose;
Strong is the heart and strong the will,
But stronger adamant fate.
I leave you, dearest, where you are;
I say where nature fixed my line;
Still shall I watch you; though your star
Warm other worlds, be light on mine!

Miscellaneous.

"KEEP MY SECRET."

Those who for twenty years and more have been absent from home had best, according to my experience, remain away altogether. To return is to destroy illusions hitherto firmly believed in; one's friends are dead, are married, have gone away, or are no longer the same one remembers them. Your very birthplace is lost to you; the house you once called home is perhaps a school house, the fields you played in are covered with villas, down the green lanes rows of shops run. Few things come more sharply than that feeling of being a stranger where once you stood familiar. The smart had sent me from England roving over the continent, never stopping in any one place long enough to find enjoyment in it; and now my year's holiday all but expired, I was returning with a heart lightened by the anticipation of going back to India, and settling down among my old chums, who would, I know, welcome my advent and listen to my stories. Not that I had many to relate; one seldom expatiates on the experiences of disappointment, and mine was not a temper to court or attract adventure. An everyday, common-place, 50-year-old bachelor is allowed to go his own way without getting much notice given to him. I was returning to London from Paris by way of Dieppe; the month was September, the weather was hot enough to make the longer sea journey seem inviting. I found myself at the station with a good half hour to spare, and to while away the time I bought books, newspapers, fruit, emptied my pockets, arranged my trunk, and sorted my money. It seemed to me I had a good deal more French gold than I need carry back with me, and I asked a military-looking individual standing by if he knew of a money-changer handy. Yes, there was one round the corner of the opposite street, not ten doors away—he would keep an eye on my belongings while I went so far. I started, found the house, managed my business, and returning just in time to be let out on the platform, hurried to secure a corner seat in a carriage. When I had drawn breath it struck me I need not have been in such a bustle, for although there was a crowd of passengers in the waiting-room, none of them came in my way; apparently I was going to make a solitary journey. Not too fast, though; here come some fellow-travelers—two, a man and a young lady; they pass my carriage, come back again, hesitate, look round; and finally she gets in and he walks away, to return a few minutes later, and standing chatting at the window, out of which she leans. I get a good view of the man's face—not a pleasant one to my mind; his eyes roam uneasily about, as if looking for some one

who has not come; and though the girl is talking earnestly and quickly, he seems to pay very scant attention to her.
Up comes the guard—there is a final scrutiny of tickets, a banging of doors, a shriek, a groan, a shrill whistle, and we are off—unexpectedly, as it seems to my companion, for she starts up crying: "Papa! papa!" and then, "Oh, mon Dieu!" and then she has sunk down on the seat in a passion of tears.
"Now, I ask any unprejudiced person"—this was the way I soliloquized on the occasion—what have I done that I should have the grief of this Niobe forced upon me? Positively the girl seemed able to turn on taps of tears, for when she drew away her handkerchief from her eyes it was wet and sopping. An idea seemed to occur to herself that this utter abandonment was a little out of season; for after throwing a timid glance in my direction, she resolutely closed her hand over the ball her handkerchief was reduced to, buttoned her eyelids tight over her eyes, as if determined not to let out any more of the tears that were there, tucked up her feet, and sat silently battling with the sobs which she could not quite overcome.
I cannot now remember what it was that interested me in the paper; but something caught my notice, and I suppose for a time engrossed my attention, for the next thing I recollect was a train of thought—a traveling back into past days, caused by my eyes having fallen on my fellow-traveler. She was fast asleep now, and I was able to take a good look at her. Poor child! I wondered what was the cause of her sorrow—could it be leaving that broken down, rascally looking father? Suddenly a vision of myself came to me, and I was living over that day, when at something about her age, I had left behind all that was dear to me. Great heaven! the agony I had endured at saying good-bye to mother, the horrible loneliness that took possession of me, launched out into the world alone, without a creature near to care for me. The mere sight of the scar left by those sufferings stirred up my compassion for this little stranger, whose feelings seem so tender. Why, she could be barely 17; her face was much younger than her figure; round, peachy cheeks, where dimples love to linger, a rose-bud of a mouth, and eyes—for at that instant she opened them—as blue as the forget-me-nots that grow by the river. Over the face there stole a little pinky flush, and then there came a timid, conscious air, such as a child puts on who fears it has offended you. Before I knew it I was smiling at her, and she, though still looking afraid, began to essay a half smile. Confound it! what a nuisance that I couldn't speak better French—I should like to say something to her—but what? Happy thought! the pearls that I had provided myself with at the station! I seized the basket.
"Mademoiselle, I said, 'voulez-vous acceptez-une?' and I held them before her. Oh! those roguish dimples that came out in hide and seek all over the face as she answered:
"Monsieur, I am not French, but English, like you."
"Then do have one!" and in my haste to press them on her I gave a little jerk forward, which sent the whole half-dozen rolling on the floor. Well, by the time we had picked them up, crawled under the carriage seat, bumped our heads together, and were reseated a little the worse for dust, we had become friends and laughed honestly and openly each in the face of the other. It did me good to see her plunge her little pearly teeth into that pear, the skin of which I vainly entreated to be permitted to remove.
"It is so good," said she, "for I feel hungry now. There was a breakfast for me, but I couldn't eat before I came away," and the quiver in the voice supplied the reason.
"Are you going to school?" I ventured to say.
"Well, yes and no, I am going to a school, but to teach as well as to learn there." I was silent; and after a minute she added: "At home it isn't as it used to be. Papa has married another wife. I have lost my mother—she died when I was a baby."
"Ah!" I said, by way of consolation, "that is a sad loss to anybody."
She nodded her head affirmatively.
"She—the other one—knows that I have nobody but papa; it is cruel of her," she said, "to send me away."
"Oh! but you must not take it like that—it seemed to me that any excuse that removed her from that shady-looking father's influence ought to be counted a fortunate circumstance—I dare say they thought going to school again might be good for you."
The rosy button was pursed up to show that its owner did not share my opinion.
"I do not believe that I speak English with such a bad accent," she said poutingly; "do you find that I do, Monsieur?"
"What do you think?"
Because I laughed she turned away her head vexedly, the truth being that what I did think was that this was the most bewitching little monkey I had ever in my life come across. It was my first experience of innocent childish coquetry, and the fascination was irresistible.
"You laugh at me," she said, reproachfully, "and that is what they will all do. I told papa so, and he said no. He likes the English, that is why I got into this carriage with you; he thought perhaps you might be going the whole way—are you?"
"Yes, I am going to London."
"So am I."
"Then we shall cross together."
"Cross the sea?" She clasped her hands tightly. "Oh! I am so frightened of the sea—the thought of being alone on the water terrifies me."
"But, I said, 'you won't be alone—that is if you will permit me to take the charge of you.'"
She shook her head doubtfully. "Oh, thanks! but I should not dare to trouble you. Papa himself always gets angry with me, I cannot help it. I say to myself, this time I will be brave; but my foot on the ship, ah!—her face expressed how her courage melted—if I cannot find somebody whom I can hold on to tight, I feel I must die."

"You shall hold on to me like grim death!" I said, laughing encouragingly. "We are due at Dieppe by two o'clock; that gives us plenty of time for a good luncheon before we start." Something in her look made me add: "Oh! you must eat; besides, you tell me you have had no breakfast—that you are hungry."
"Yes, I am; only papa said I was to go on board immediately."
"Very likely, he forgot about your wanting something after this journey."
"No, I don't think it was that," she said, with shy hesitation; "but, frankly, Monsieur, we are not rich, and before saying yes I think I must count my money."
Already I had closed my hand over hers, and the shabby little purse it held which, while speaking, she had drawn out of her pocket. "Now, I said, 'in return for the care I mean to take of you, you must do me a favor. I am an old bachelor, you must know, and very seldom get the chance of a young lady's society; when ever I do I always make it a point that she shall have luncheon with me.'"
"Really! but that is very nice of you."
"Oh! I'm a despot in that respect!"
"But it's very fortunate for me that you are so!" and she clasped her hands gaily—"for do you know that I could eat you, and I have nothing but a packet of bonbons in my pocket to satisfy me," and dived her hand down in search of them. "Oh! what did I do with my money!" she exclaimed suddenly. "Ah! here it is; I got into such a fright because I think I have lost it. Papa told me to be very careful, and so I am; but I don't know where to put it."
"It often strikes me that ladies are very badly off for pockets," I said.
"But, no!" and she pointed to the sides of her jacket. "I have one there, one there, and one in the shirt of my dress—how many have you?"
"Oh! the number of mine is legion."
And I pointed to my outer coat; "not that I should think of carrying money about with me there."
"Wouldn't you? where would you put it, then?"
I took out some of the loose coin I had, and held it in my hand to show her.
"What, without any purse?"
"I never carry a purse with me."
"And all the money you have you carry like that?"
"Yes, all that I want for daily use I do. Of course, in traveling one is forced to have more about one, but that I keep in a place of safety."
"Out of sight—hidden away," she said confidentially. "Yes, that is what I ought to have—a pocket that no one could get at; and it might be done in this lining. I should say"—and she unbuttoned her jacket so that I might give an opinion.
"Perfectly," you have only to stitch a stout piece of stuff on that—don't you see?"
"Yes—it would bulge out, though."
"Not if done properly."
"Doesn't yours?"
"No—mine seems flat enough," and I further turned open the flap of my coat, a little amused at her curiosity. The little nimble fingers had half drawn out my pocket-book; and then, looking up, she suddenly recollected herself. "Oh, pardon! pray excuse me! for the moment I forgot—I am so accustomed to papa that I—She hesitated, and I found nothing to say. Positively for the first time in my life the thorn that I was no longer young ran its point into me. Of course a girl of that age would look upon me as her father—why shouldn't she?
Fearing that my silence would make her think that she had offended me, I pulled the note case out and opened it wide.
"You see," I said, "that mine is a more portable form of money?" and I unfolded the roll of crisp notes that had been given at the exchange office. But her property had evidently taken fright, and though she smiled at me, she cast no more than a glance in the direction of the money.
What an unaccountable being is man! full of strange surprises for himself as well as for other people. Here had I been running at large for six months or so, seeing every day fresh faces and being brought into contact with women, young, pleasant, good looking, who had made not the slightest impression on me, had fallen even to what my curiosity to the point of asking who they were, or wanting to know what had become of them, and suddenly, after a few hours spent with this school girl, I was enslaved—charmed with her society; and felt miserable to think how soon I should have to part with her.
I expect that waiter reckoned me up to a farthing when he spoke of "madame" to me; and didn't the fellow snigger in his sleeve at the liberal tip I gave him? At the time I was vastly amused by the idea of his supposing such a child could be my wife; and I should not like to be bound by a solemn affidavit that no blush warmed my cheeks at the supposition that it was my wife she was taken for.
It was but natural that I should give her my arm, for we were just going on board the steamer, where I had promised to take care of her; and never did bridegroom, young or old, go more fussily about from stem to stern to get every possible thing she could want, and ask after every possible thing to obtain for her. A rug, a footstool, a wrap for her shoulders—for the wind blew keen, and she had no better covering than this thin cloth jacket on—noting was forgotten, and then down I sat close beside her, as happy as any young Tom Noddy of 18. I had quite forgot how I valued the superiority of my single estate on other occasions; it never entered my head to wonder what the other passengers thought of me; they might think what they pleased, I did not care—sharing the rug between us, and as we got further on, an extra wrap, too—the enjoyment of the passing hour was enough for me; a little golden head rested on my shoulder, and every now and again there smiled up into my face two eyes of heavenly blue.
"You are not frightened," I often whispered.
"Not a bit."
"Didn't I tell you so? There is nothing to be afraid of on the sea."
"Not like this there isn't," she said naïvely; "I should not mind going ever so far with you."

Although I did not say so, my own inclination echoed the sentiment.
"Is my head too heavy? Am I leaning too much?" she asked anxiously.
"No; what makes you suppose so?"
"Because I hear your heart beating so quickly—that is your heart, isn't it?" and she stretched out her hand, patting with her fingers gently.
"Somewhere about that spot—at least, I added gallantly, 'that is the spot where it used to be.'"
"Is it there now?"
"Well, I am not quite sure; I was just beginning to wonder if it hadn't strayed off a little way."
"Oh, the wanderer!" she exclaimed laughing. "I wonder how long it means to be before it comes back again."
Already on my lips I found a ready answer, which, no more than the rest of the conversation, need be set down against me; enough to tell that I sighed discontentedly as we approached the shore; and my comfort was not much increased by the fact that my little companion was resolved to go on by the train which started as soon as the examination of the luggage set us free. In vain I suggested dinner or tea, and then going on by the train which followed after—she was inexorable.
"Perhaps it is arranged that some one will be there to meet you?"
"No,"—she did not expect to be met by anybody.
"Then you must let me see you as far as the end of your destination in safety."
"Will you?" she said, gladly; "but you do not know where it is."
"I shall though, when you tell me. I was going to ask you to give me permission to call and inquire after you. I thought perhaps that, being a stranger in London, you would let me take you to see some of the sights there."
"Oh, monsieur but you are too kind to me."
"The lady of the school need not know how short our acquaintance has been," I went on, warily; "she can suppose that I am a friend of the family."
"But certainly you are, since you have been so good a friend to me."
"Then we'll arrange our programme during our journey. And now to get our baggage through without delay."
"If we miss I'll meet you on the platform."
"But we shan't!" I was going to give the reason why, when the pushing crowd seemed to separate her from me, and it was not until the train was about to start that we again joined company.
"What a fright you gave me," I exclaimed, when by reason of a heavy tip to the guard, we were off in a carriage with other passengers. "I thought I had lost you."
"Oh, I saw you all the time. I got my box at once and then sat down behind some ladies and watched you."
"Was yours a wooden box painted in stripes with blue ribbons tied to the handles?"
"Yes, did you notice it?"
It was next to impossible not to, but I kept this to myself, merely saying: "Then I shall be able to spare you all trouble at Victoria Station, and when I go for my luggage, I can bring yours."
"And I can keep the cab by sitting in it till you come. And now about after ward. When will you call for me, and what will you take me to see?"
Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes sparkling in anticipation; it was the face and air of a happy child looking forward to a holiday.
"How old are you?" I said irrelevantly.
"Just over 18. Last month was my birthday."
"Is it possible? Then you are quite a woman."
"Think me I ought to be. Do you think so too?"
"I think you ought to be as you are—I could have added adorable, charming, lovely, but prudence withheld me; and without giving me another opportunity she launched into her history, telling me as it seemed to occur to her about her father, his means, his disappointments, and finally that her name was Sara de Montmorency. In exchange she had to listen to some portions of my history; that I had when almost a boy gone to India; how I had come back, and now was about to return there. I grew quite pathetic over the picture I gave of the loneliness of my situation; and it was in keeping with the tender disposition of my hearer that she should take my hand and on it drop a tear. I kissed that tear away, and as I did so my eyes fell on her; her face grew aflame, and felling it was so, with charming artlessness she covered it with her hands to hide it from me.
Ah, well! journeys such as those seem very short ones. I remember this came to an end before I thought it possible we had got more than half way. The glare from the lights of the station roused me from a delicious dream, and we had reached the end of our journey. The fatigues of the day were telling on the poor child—she had fallen asleep and was still drowsy.
"You are sure that you think you will know my box?" she murmured.
"I will try," I said confidently, shutting the door of the cab in which she was seated and bidding the driver keep a sharp lookout for me, and away I went, and as I turned to go I saw her blow a kiss to me.
"I'm so sorry to disturb you."
My head was in the cab. At my heels stood an irate French woman, chattering and gesticulating about the striped box, whose heavy weight rested on the shoulders of a much enduring porter. A great deal of what the foreign lady said was lost to me, but I was able to comprehend so much that she claimed this luggage as her own, and to settle the matter I had brought her along to where I believed sat the rightful owner. Full of my diffidence, I was already launched into explanations when I perceived that the cab was empty. Upon the seat stood my sticks and umbrellas, but the place which my companion had occupied was filled by the rug only.
"The young lady has got out, I suppose," I said to the cabman enquiringly.
"Not this side, sir, or I should 'a' seed her,"
It was not very likely that she had got

out on the other side, where carriages, four-wheelers and hansoms stood crowded together.
"You told me to keep a sharp lookout which I've done so," he added; and then noticing that I was looking about uneasily, he suggested the waiting room, the refreshment bar—finally, that she was looking about for me. The delay caused by these inquiries increased the ire of the French lady considerably; the porter, too, tired of his burden, began to take sides with her, joined by a near standing cabman, desirous of obtaining a fare.
"What's she a saying?" "What's he brought her here for?" "Why don't ye get the station master?"
Quite a crowd had surrounded us, into the midst of which an official appeared, asking an explanation. To the best of my ability I endeavored to give one. "Yes, but where is the young lady?" he said after having listened.
"I left her here some ten minutes ago, seated in this cab. I suppose she got out, and I fear something has happened to her."
"Wait a moment and I'll get some one to go with you and see," and in a few minutes, in company with an individual in plain clothes for whom he sent, I was searching the place over.
Not a trace could we discover—it was as if the girl had vanished. Returning to the cab, I found the guard of the train waiting to corroborate the statement of the lady, who by now turned a deaf ear to the very humble apologies I endeavored to make to her, but even when driving off with the never-to-be-forgotten box beside, continued to fling at me, "Villain, voleur, babare." "Would you like to leave your address, sir?" said the official, who was evidently disposed to assist me.
"I should," I answered, ready to catch at any excuse which would take me away from the small crowd, among which the wildest surmises were being bandied.
"Eloped—carried—off—be—daughter—wife," went floating past as I walked away, confiding to my companion who I had met the young lady and what I knew of her history.
"I am going to stay in Backville street," I said. "I'll give you my card and write the name of the hotel upon it."
Already my hand was in my breast pocket. In less than an instant I had flung open my coat and searched it through and then with a stupid gaze at the man before me, I gasped out, "I have been robbed; my note book is gone—with my money in it!"
"Young baggage! if I didn't guess as much," exclaimed my companion involuntarily. "We've been on the lookout for her unless I'm very much deceived. Not six months ago a seemingly similar game was played on a gentleman at this very station."
"Impossible! it couldn't be."
"You are jumping at conclusions too hastily." I was beginning to recover, but his words had struck me like a cannon ball. "I have no reason on earth to suspect this young lady," I added severely. "I have her address and know to whom she was going. The loss of the money is but a trifle compared to her safety."
Mr. Jones—I had reason afterward to learn his name—moved his head in apology. "Beg pardon, I'm sure, if I have spoken too hastily, I said, 'but the two circumstances seemed as you may say to fit exactly; she was a young lady going to school, and the gentleman—taking care of her as might be—lost sight of her in just the same way; found he'd been robbed, but wouldn't credit that 'twas she who'd take the money from him. She was small, fair, young, with a pink and white face, as innocent as a baby's. Don't answer in no way?—the wretch said that I was quailing under his scrutiny. 'Well, I'm glad to hear it, sir; thank you sir,'—I was turning away—and if you should happen to want any information at any time, you'll find me here ready."
"Drive to Bloomsbury square, 209," Miss Lorrimer's—that was the address given me. Need I say that the drive was a failure? Before I asked I felt assured that the name of Montmorency was unknown. Never within the memory of the oldest inhabitant had a ladies school been kept there; Master's lived here for nearly thirty years.
There was an end then—no need for further inquiries—without a doubt I had been cheated, robbed, made a dupe of; there was nothing left but to take my quarters at the hotel and laugh at myself for my folly. But the misfortune was that I couldn't laugh, strive as I might; my heart was heavy; between me and everything I looked at a face came to distract me. Oh! the thousand mad ideas that went coursing through my brain that night, when unable to rest, and seized with some wild improbability, I roamed the streets, denying to myself what brought me out, and fearing to find what I had gone to seek for. I remembered catching sight of myself in the glass, and I laughed outright, but not because I felt merry. Happily, as the day came on, my fever in a measure left me. Reason returned, and I could give my ear to her precepts.
I went again to the station, interviewed the wily Jones, and invited him to spend a friendly evening with me. I wanted to know about the other victim, in what manner he had been duped, and the steps he had taken. "Wouldn't you do me a favor, sir?" said Jones indignantly; "didn't care a hang for the money, all he wanted was to find her."
Just so—I knew the feeling exactly, and I fancy Mr. Jones guessed as much; for though he aimed his arrows at the dupe who was not present, he took careful heed that each one should pass through him. "All false sympathy," he said, at parting; pity's thrown away on such as she, but there, gentlemen must take their way; and as it's no doubt cost a tidy sum, perhaps after all, sir, the lesson may be of profit to you."
I thanked Mr. Jones cordially; I felt very little for that a second time I should ever fall a victim. The world of women was evidently a terra incognita to me, and henceforth as far as possible, I must try and steer clear of them. Up to this period I had occupied a neutral position, henceforth I was armed to the teeth, my

antagonism to the fair sex became a byword and a reproach to me. "Never had a thought of love in his life!" said they who know me, and have never read these confessions, and by them learned what a narrow escape I once ran of not living and dying a bachelor.
Life in India.
The following sprightly account of certain phases of life in India, not often written about, by Rev. C. H. A. Dale, we find in the *Christian Register*.
In India we talk by chits. Telephones are coming by-and-by. If I've anything to say to a neighbor, I scratch it on a bit of paper and send it by a peon. "Please reply by bearer," is written on a corner of my chit. But what of the native who bears it? His life, as a narrative of India, is we want to understand. Let me tell you what he does, when he brings a chit to my door. My *durwan* (dur means door, *wan* means keeper) receives the chit and brings it upstairs. The moment the peon has given the letter, he lies down on the step at full length and in one minute he is asleep. Winter or summer it is all the same. Tired nature's sweet restorer is his some of bliss. This happiness is his nirvana; and there he lies until I go down to wake him. This is not exceptional, it is typical. It is the habit of India life. It is the common habit of the people. It is so with the driver of a hack. We call him a *coachman*. You say to him, "Khurra ho!" i. e. Stop! You are how at Chandney Bazar, the Moonlight Market. In India men crave moonlight. The place is attractive only in name. It consists of a hundred native shops massed together. Most of this bazar is covered in from the burning sun by stretches of gunny-cloth, ragged and dirty. You bend as you go under it, and pass from one petty dealer to another. Such are bazars in general. Refined and well-to-do people are ashamed to be seen in this thronged Moonlight Bazar. Yet, if you know how, you can buy shoes, ribbons, candles, cutlery, and tools for little more than half their cost in a "Europe shop," and often quite as good. Well, it is mid-day; and you are perhaps ten minutes in the bazar. If it is a hired *gharry* (carriage) the poorly fed and overdriven horse is asleep almost as soon as his driver. At any rate, the first thing to do, on coming to your *gharry*, is to wake the driver, who snores in blessed forgetfulness on his box. There, curled up, he contrives to get upon his back, and rest out of contact with active life.
This dread of being lively, this take-your-time slowness and sleepiness, is to a European or American the main characteristic and differentiation of Oriental life. It is the one thing he can not understand. How it is possible that even childhood here had rather be quiet than stir, should never laugh or care for merriment or enjoy fun, is the unbelievable reality that meets him every hour of the day. India's religion is repose. Its nirvanas and is perfected in rest. Its nirvana, as Arnold tells us to his "Light of Asia," ripens to a sleep that knows no waking. Eden was in Asia; and to Asia as to Adam in Paradise, labor is the curse of life. Never is it, as we of the west believe, its uplifter and redeemer. The employers of labor, being Occidentals, have no word so constantly on their lips as "Jude! Jude!" "Quickly!" And, in the taking off of Europeans in native theatres, nothing draws from the audience a broader smile than a man in coat and trousers following up his naked brownie with "Jude! Jude!" or with "Jug-groo!" "Wake up!" The average India workman—carpenter, mason, painter—always slights his work, when he can. The Chinaman does better. He is so much more active and reliable that he gets four times the day's wages of a Bengali workman. This torpidity in action leads to an endless chaffing between the foreign employer and the native employee. They have intelligence enough—these India workers—but it goes out in evasion. Men that you have had serving you for years will never give you a direct answer to the simplest question. It needs vigor to say "yes," or "no, sir." It takes ability to give a fair answer to a plain question. You try and keep trying, especially with men about the table and the house, whom you grow to like and to trust. But "what's wanting can't be numbered," and at last you give it up in despair. Exceptions do sometimes occur, at least partial exceptions; and these show the germ-life waiting to sprout. These show us what may be made of a devoutly intelligent people who can not feel and will not act, if we work on and are patient with them as God is with us.
This repression of all feeling, which is essential to Hinduism, tells sadly on the horse, the bullock and all dumb creatures. Nowhere do they suffer as in India. And even hospitals for sick animals, of which two or three exist, are cruel centres of contagion and neglect. Think of a hospital with no physician!

The Spiritual Effects of Drunkenness.

The loss of self-respect, the lowering of ambition, and the fading out of hope are signs of the progress of this disease in the character. It is a mournful spectacle—that of brave, ingenious, high-spirited man sinking steadily down in the degradation of inebriety; but how many such spectacles are visible all over the land! And it is not in the character of those alone who are notorious drunkards that such tendencies appear. They are often distinctly seen in the lives of men who are never drunk. Sir Henry Thompson's testimony is emphatic to the effect that "the habitual use of fermented liquors, to an extent far short of what is necessary to produce intoxication, injures the body and diminishes the mental power." If, as he testifies, a large portion of the most painful and dangerous maladies of the body are due to "the use of fermented liquors taken in the quantity which is conventionally deemed moderate," then it is certain that such use of them must result also in serious injuries to the mental and moral nature. Who does not know reputable gentlemen, physicians, artists, clergymen even, who were never drunk in their lives, and never will be, but who reveal in conversation and conduct, certain melancholy effects of the

drinking habit? The brain is so often inflamed with alcohol that its functions are imperfectly performed, and there is a perceptible loss of mental power and a moral tone. The drinker is not conscious of this loss; but those who know him best are painfully aware that his perceptions are less keen, his judgments less sound, his temper less serene, his spiritual vision less clear, because he carries every day little too long at the wine. Even those who refuse to entertain ascetic theories respecting these beverages may be able to see that there are uses of them that stop short of drunkenness, and that are still extremely hurtful to the mind and the heart as well as the body. That conventional idea of moderation, to which Sir Henry Thompson refers, is quite elastic; the term is stretched to cover habits that are steadily despoiling the life of its rarest fruits. The drinking habit is often defended by reputable gentlemen to whom the very thought of a debauch would be shocking, but to whom, if it were: only lawful, in the tender and just solicitude of friendship, such words as these might be spoken: "It is true that you are not drunkards, may never be; but if you are not could know, what is too evident to those who love you best, how your character is slowly losing the firmness of its texture and the fineness of its outline; how your art deteriorates in the delicacy of its touch; how the atmosphere of your life seems to grow murky and the sky lowers gloomily above you—you would not think your daily indulgence harmless in its measure. It is in just such lives as yours that drink exhibits some of its most mournful tragedies."—*The Century*.
The Might of Machinery.
A visitor to a large manufacturing establishment thus quaintly but vividly makes reference to some machinery he saw in operation:
"There is also something pathetic to me in the remorseless demand the machinery makes upon the workman to keep up with it. So many times a minute it opens its mouth and demands its bite, and the workman must be ready to give just at the instant. The facilities in that particular direction are kept upon a continuous strain for hours of continuous labor. The figure of the mouth and bite is especially applicable to much of the machinery here. Thick bars of iron are pressed into a monster's mouth carelessly, and he chomps them off as easily as you would bite a piece of cheese. A steel pin drives a clean round hole through iron a half inch thick as easily as you would thrust your finger through a piece of paper. A white-hot rod of iron is thrust into a curious aperture and in an instant is thrust out with a square bolt head perfectly made at the end. Another, cold however, is pushed into an opening by a boy, and emerges with a perfect screw-head turned upon it. Great trip-hammers are doing work in a few seconds that many men could not do in an hour. There is something uncanny about these monster hammers. They are veritable ogres, thirsting for blood. An unwary laborer, only the other day, clearing away waste from the floor, rested his hand a moment on the anvil. In an instant the monster pounced upon him, and his hand was mashed to a sheet. Ah, you must move warily among these familiar demons of industry. They are grand servants, they are terrible masters. A moment carelessness, and fingers are torn or a hand is ruined, or perhaps a human body goes whirling around the machinery, a sacrifice to the machine Moloch."
Letters and Letter Writing.
As we have already said, let the form of our salutation be in keeping with the tenor of the letter we have to write; and let the letter take its form from the circumstances that call it forth. If it be a business one, let it be brief. If it be a begging one, let it be characterized by humility. If it be a friendly one, let it be free and ingenuous. If it be a love offering, let us, while we are writing it, have our mind's eye fixed on the possibility of an answer being raised for breach of promise. Having completed our imaginary letter it follows, of course, that we should post it. As it falls from our hands, we cannot help reflecting that the post office is much like the grave—a terrible leveler. Here the rich and the poor meet together—the servant and his master lie side by side. Here the godly and the profane are brought into contact—the learned and the illiterate mingle freely. Here is the lovely pink, profusely perfumed love letter, just dropped from the hands of some beautiful and accomplished young lady; and here is the dirty, fire-browned epistle of some unsoaped denizen of the alleys, sealed with cobbler's resin and the application of thimble or key. All jostle each other in the general melee—all are favored with the same knocks on the head by the officials who stamp them, and all distinct and continuous to be as side so long as they are in charge of the post-office. But as soon as they pass out of its custody, the distinctions are again set up; for on receipt, some are indignantly cast aside or carelessly thrust into the pocket of some shabby cost, and called on when occasion requires to do service in lighting a tobacco pipe. Others are carried into the parlor on a silver salver, by a trim waiting maid, and after being read over ever so many times, are laid carefully by as a piece of valued treasure, and long cherished as a memorial of some absent loved one and of some deliciously happy time. *Chambers's Journal*.
BUFFALO, N. Y., Feb. 8, 1883.
Gents—My health has been very poor for years. I have been treated by the most skillful physicians but received but little benefit from their treatment. An acquaintance recommended Rheumatic Syrup, but I had seen so many patent medicines advertised I had no faith in its merits, until I had seen for myself what it had done for a number of acquaintances of mine, when I was compelled to believe the remedy possessed merit worthy of consideration and I at once sent for a half dozen bottles and before I had used three of them I could see that it was helping me. I continued its use and to-day I am stronger than I have been in years, and it is all due to your Rheumatic Syrup.
Yours respectfully,
MRS. J. TIPP, 222 N. Division St.
Twenty-Five Dollars.
Will be given by the Rheumatic Syrup Company for a case of Rheumatism—either acute, acute or chronic—that Rheumatic Syrup will not help or cure.

PHILOSOPHY.

Down in the meadow the grass was green,
And buds were on the maple tree,
And far to the south we saw the sheen
Of the luminous purple sea;
We stood alone in the mossy porch
Of the ancient house that was her home,
And the sun shone like a golden torch
Where the clouds were white as foam.

And we stood in the meadow glow,
For her red, ripe lips were warm and sweet,
And words were easy to say, you know,
And the hours were very fleet;
And words were made as the sun went down,
And feet would linger, despite old time,
And the lonely way that led to town,
When the curfew bell should chime.

And her name—what was it—Maud or May?
For the grass is green, the maple red,
And a long, long year has fled away
Since those sweet words were said.
Her husband and she are lately gone
To Paris, or Moscow, what matter which?
For my name, you see, is simple John,
And he's Count Stephanovich.

I know that her face was sweet and fair,
That her lips are as red as cherries are,
That the sun made gold amid her hair,
And her eyes shone like a star;
But unless I err, the meadow path
Holds just as desolate a maid as she;
And why should I nurse despair and wrath
When a new love waits for me?

Bill Nye on Hornets.

Last Fall I desired to add to my rare collection a large hornet's nest. I had an embalmed tarantula and her porcelain lined nest, and I desired to add to these the gray and airy house of the hornet. I procured one of the large size after cold weather and hung it in my cabinet by a string. I forgot about it until Spring. When warm weather came, something reminded me of it. I think it was a hornet. He jogged my memory in some way and called my attention to it. Memory is not located where I thought it was. It seemed as though whenever he touched me he awakened a memory—a warm memory with a red place all around it.

Then some more hornets came and began to take up old personalities. I remember that one of them lit on my upper lip. He thought it was a roach. When he went away it looked like a gladiolus bulb. I wrapped a wet sheet around it to take out the warmth and reduce the swelling so that I could go through the folding doors and tell my wife about it. Hornets lit all over me and walked around on my person. I did not dare to scrape them off because they were so sensitive. You have to be very guarded in your conduct toward a hornet.

I remember once while I was watching the busy little hornet gathering honey and June bugs from the bosom of a rose, years ago, I stirred him up with a club, more as a practical joke than anything, and he came and lit in my sunny hair—that was when I wore my own hair—and he walked around through my gleaming tresses quite a while, making tracks as large as a watermelon all over my head. If he hadn't run out of tracks my head would have looked like a load of Summer squashes. I remember I had to thump my head against the smoke house in order to smash him, and I had to comb him out with a fine comb and wear a waste paper basket two weeks for a hat. Much has been said of the hornet, but he has an odd, quaint way after all that is forever new.

The Hen Business.

A pen and ink wrestler has untied a book and let it loose upon a patient people, which book bears the title, "How to Make \$500 a Year from Twelve Hens." We tried this getting rich out of the hen business last year, and while it looks nice and pretty in gilt letters on blue binding to save \$500 a year from twelve hens our experience was different. We secured last spring a collection of six lady hens and a male companion, and domiciled them in an extensive hen pasture in the rear of our premises. We figured it all out that with six eggs a day and occasional vacations which would be paid for in chickens, we would soon have money enough to go to Europe or run for office. Early in the season the Brown Leghorn troops fought nobly, and we began to look around with the idea of getting a safe to put our egg money in. Just at this juncture corn stepped up to \$1 a bushel, and our hens ceased laying and turned all their attention to their appetites.

During the interim (interim is a word that we found in the office when we bought it), one of our hens had succeeded in presenting to the world a dozen little brown balls, which imagination told us would make excellent chicken pies all in December. Imagination lied to us, however, for in less than four weeks every one of the little brown darlings had been referred to the interior department of a confounded skunk, and there was seven weeks lost time to be charged up to that hen's profit and loss account. We forbear telling of our midnight ramble in the dewy mists of our garden, clad in modesty and a night shirt, with a revolver filled with 32-100 cartridges and a heart filled with anxiety toward that skunk. We draw a curtain off that scene.

When fall came, and after we had bought eggs to feed ourselves and corn to feed our hens for awhile, we retired from the hen business, and we have made up our minds that it takes something more than a book and a dozen of hens to make \$500 a year. Of course there are hen artists who can play the game for all it is worth, and make it pay; but for a greenhorn to think that twenty-four hens are worth a cool thousand a year to him is folly. If you could make hens lay every day, and bring chickens up on a bottle in some secluded corner where skunks could not get at them, it would pay for novices to establish hen dairies. As it is, however, we novices had better save our money from buying such books as the one described, to buy eggs with, and let those who understand egg harvesting do the work. There is too much responsibility; too much getting up nights to shoot skunks, and too few eggs in the business, to offer inducements to amateurs.—*(Meridian Independent.)*

Skilled physicians endorse Adamson's Botanic Balm as the safest and most effective remedy for coughs and colds ever discovered. Sold by druggists and dealers at 25 and 75 cents.

How Gen. Sheridan Looks.

I found him this morning in the seat so lately occupied by Tecumseh Sherman, writes a correspondent of the Cleveland Leader. It is one of the best rooms in the War Department building. It looks out upon Pennsylvania avenue just across from Corcoran's Art Gallery, and from its east windows you have a good view of the White House grounds. The room is large, and it is hung with oil paintings of western views, the taste of Sherman, who liked nothing better than life on the plains. The General sits at a desk in the east end of the room, and Sheridan was sitting there as I entered to-day. He rose to meet me and I paid my respects and those of the Leader in due form. Sheridan looks much more like a soldier than Sherman. He is very erect, though short and fat, and his air is martial and commanding. He dresses better than Sherman and looks as though he took more care of his personal appearance. He has a large face, a broad, full forehead, and fat cheeks of a dark red.

He wears no beard, but his moustache, gray and well-trimmed, is decidedly handsome. He is by no means a bad looking man, this new head of the army. He has a brave look, and though his face bears many a wrinkle, as though much care has developed upon him, it is a very pleasant one. His eyes form his chief characteristics. They are gray, small, and sharp as a needle. They seem to look right through you, and they always look right at you when he is talking to you. They show you that they have a soul behind them, and if their owner is angry they can, as the blood and thunder novel says, glare with a look of baleful hate. Gen. Sheridan has short, stiff gray hair, smoothly combed, broad shoulders, and short, heavy legs. He would, I think, look bigger on horseback than on foot, and I doubt not that as a cavalry commander he presented a very striking appearance.

A California Rain.

The peculiarity of a California rainstorm is that it makes no "fuss" about it, but attends strictly to business, and accomplishes more in a given time than would appear possible from any amount of observation. One feels a sense of dreariness, and looking from the window sees that it is raining; the quietest rain in the world, the drops very small, and falling with no appreciable weight. But step out into it, and it is almost like stepping into the bay, the wetting is so rapid and so thorough. It very rarely happens that any wind accompanies a rain storm in that locality, and thunder and lightning are almost unknown. The average length of a rain storm is forty-eight hours, the water coming down steadily and resolutely, while from the hill-sides an unbroken sheet an inch or more in depth rushes rapidly to the reservoirs below, until every stream becomes a river, every valley a lake. Sometimes it continues to rain—though not in this broken way—for weeks. But this is a rare case. As a rule, after about two days and nights of solid deluge, it clears off, the farmers go to work, and the weather is too beautiful to be described at all. Such blue depths of sky, such acres of brilliant wild flowers, such woods ablaze with color, all form a picture which, if an artist should represent truthfully, would be at once pronounced gaudy, unnatural and out of taste.—*People's Weekly.*

The Roar of London.

As I write, sitting by my study window, full five miles from the city proper, I hear the roar of the traffic like the sea on a rocky shore—the rush of incessant trains along the iron ways, the rumble of myriads of drays along hundreds of miles of stone paved streets (for which word is now being in part substituted), each no more to the general symphony than the hum of a loom to the sounds of a summer day—a volume of sound unintermitting from dawn till dark. Yet I am bowered in green trees, with crows and daisy-becked fields spread out under my eyes—not a spire, not a chimney-stack of the metropolis visible; and the carols of larks and thrushes, the song of the nightingale, run through the web of sounds like gold and silver threads through a dingy fabric, with the twitter of scores of sparrows like tiny spangles thrown on at random. Out of the monotone flashes the individual roar of a nearer train, the scream of a whistle, and the roar dies away again into the sullen monody. This is audible London.—*W. J. Stillman, in the Century.*

VARIETIES.

The wife of a Baltimore inventor says he invented a lock for the door that wouldn't open from midnight until morning, so as to keep burglars out. The first time he tried it he caught his coat-tail in it, and she had to walk around him with a pan of hot coals all night to keep him from freezing. A little while ago he got up a cabinet bedstead that would shut and open without handling. It went by clockwork. He got into bed and he stayed in there from Saturday afternoon till Sunday night, when it flew open and disclosed him lying in the plans and specifications of a patent w. sh-bow that would tip over when it got too full. The result was that his wife lost all her rings and a breast pin down the waste pipe. Then he got up a crutch for a man that could be used as an opera-glass. Whenever the man leaned on it up it went, and when he put it to his eye it flew out into a crutch and almost broke the top of his head off. The other day he was seen g. ing up the street with the model of a grain elevator sticking out of his hip pocket, and he is fitting up an improved shot-tower in his bed-room.

"Mother, who is it?" Martin Luther: that the newspapers are making so much talk about just now?" asked a fashionable New York young woman. "Martin Luther—Luther?" mused the mother; "the name sounds familiar enough. What is he doing?" "I can't exactly make out, but it must have been something nice. They are celebrating his birthday."

"Is he a foreigner?" asked the mother. "He must be, or the people in this country wouldn't make such a fuss over him."

"Luther—Luther," continued the mother; "I met a Mr. Luther in Paris last year—that delightful gentleman, you remember, who took us to drive, and who afterward borrowed \$100 of your father and forgot to return it, but I don't think his first name was Martin. This gentleman is probably some celebrated Eng-

lishman who is coming to this country to lecture. You must speak to your father about tickets for the opening night."

A TEXAS military company were out on the range recently practicing at rifle shooting. The lieutenant in command suddenly became exasperated at the poor shooting, and, seizing a gun from one of the privates, angrily exclaimed:

"I'll show you fellows how to shoot." Taking a long aim, and a strong aim, and an aim altogether, he fired and missed. Coolly turning to the private who owned the gun, he said:

"That's the way you shoot."

Turning to the second man in the ranks, he said:

"That's the way you shoot."

In this manner he continued to miss about fifty or sixty times, illustrating to each soldier his personal incapacity, and finally he accidentally hit the target.

"And that," he ejaculated, handing the gun back to the private, "is the way I shoot."—*Texas Siftings.*

AN EVASIVE ANSWER.—"Pat," said his reverend, "I shall be very busy this afternoon, and if any one calls I do not wish to be disturbed."

"All right, sir; will I tell them you're not in?"

"No, Pat; that would be a lie."

"An' phwat'll I say, yer reverence?"

"Oh! just put them off with an evasive answer."

At supper time Pat was asked if any one had called.

"Faix, there did."

"And what did you tell him?" asked the priest.

"Shure, an' I giv him an evasive answer."

"How was that?" queried his reverence.

"He axed me was your honor in, an' I sez to him, sez I, was your gran'mother a hoot-owl."

LITTLE Johnny Bots found a gartersnake in the park the other day and he brought home and hid it in the piano. When his sister's young man opened the instrument that evening to play "For Goodness Sake" he thought he had "sn" and yelled like a Pate on the war path. They wouldn't believe in Johnny's innocence somehow, and his father said that after dinner he'd attend to his case. When the family sat down to the table Johnny solemnly entered the room in his stocking feet and carrying a pillow which he placed on his chair before sitting down.

"What new monkey shins is that?" growled old Bots.

"S-s-s-h, pa," said Johnny anxiously; "I was playing fireworks with Billy Simson this afternoon and I swallowed a torpedy."

"Did ch?"

"Yes, and if anything should touch me kinder hard I might go off and bust up."

DURING the Crimean war, the Czar Nicholas borrowed from the Kieff convent two million rubles upon a note in his own hand-writing. Nicholas never paid the money back. Once when the late Czar Alexander visited Kieff the Prior seized the opportunity to remind him of this debt to the convent, showing him Nicholas' note. Alexander shed tears, kissed the father's autograph and said:

"Truly, holy father, it is my beloved father's hand-writing. Oh, what a treasure you have! Keep it in the sanctuary, and guard it better than your own eyes."

With that he returned the note to the Prior. It is the costliest autograph in existence.

"WHAIR air you frum, stranger?" asked an inquisitive man of a commercial traveler.

"Oh, up the road, please."

"But how far up the road?"

"It might be farther, and then again it mightn't."

"Yer peart, stranger, but I'd like ter know jest how you're traveling."

"Gaze on me; I am traveling on my good looks."

"That'll do, stranger. I don't know how fur ye've come, but I'll bet a coon's skin I'll take yer six months' traveling; that way, to get from this Rev. Dr. D—, who happens to possess a florid complexion, recently went into the shop of a barber, one of his parishioners, to be shaved. The barber was addicted to an occasional spree, after which his hand was apt to be somewhat unsteady. In shaving the minister on the occasion referred to, he made a slit and brought the blood to the surface in a considerable quantity. The minister turned to the man and brother, and said, in a tone of solemn severity:

"You see, Jackson, what comes from taking too much drink!"

"Yes, sah," replied Jackson, "it makes de skin very tendah, sah. It do for a fak, sah."

A SPIRITFUL MAN REALLY.—"Now tell me truly, Prof. Sharp, what do you think of my voice?" asked Mrs. Maccreacher, after giving the professor a specimen of her vocalization.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Maccreacher," replied the polite professor, "I couldn't be so rude as that."

In her confidential moments Mrs. M. says she doesn't think much of Mr. Sharp's abilities as a musician.

Chaff.

Spots on the nose—A boy's freckles.

What is that which nobody wants and nobody likes to lose? A lawsuit.

A fellow who deliberately proposes matrimony to a young lady when he can't support himself, is either a first-class fraud or a fool—unless he marries for money and becomes her "lifer man."

"What is the meaning of a back-biter?" asked a man at a Sunday school examination. This was a puzzle. It went down the class until it came to a simple urchin, who said: "Perhaps it is a flea."

"Without joking, will you tell us what a dule is?" asked a lady correspondent. Certainly. A dule is nothing. It is merely an apology for a human being, and is too weak to be bad and too tame to be wild.

"Pa," said a little boy, "a horse is worth a good deal more, isn't it, after it's broke?" "Yes, my son. Why do you ask such a question?" "Because I broke the new rocking horse you gave me this morning."

A newly married lady was telling another about her newly broken husband. "Oh, you should see some of his love-letters," "Yes, I know, was the freezing reply; "I've got a bushel of 'em in my trunk!" Tableau.

The fashionable pillow sham is now decorated with a delicate and artistic design of appropriate motives for pillow shams, but here are a few that might do for a pair: "Pull down the blinds." "Don't blow out the gas."

In the tale of Man is the custom of parties about to be married to carry salt in their pockets. Although we omit the saline ceremony in this country, the promise to "love, honor and obey" is understood to be taken *cum grano salis*.

At bedtime little Willie was saying the usual prayer at his mother's knee, and, having got as far as "If I should die before I wake," hesitated. "Well, what's next?" asked his mother. "Well, I suppose the next thing would be a funeral."

In a New York parlor: "What a magnificent pearl ring that gentleman wears. I wonder where he found such a gem." "Well, it's not hard to guess. Before he made that strike in Wall Street he was an oyster opener on the Bowery."

An old author quaintly remarks: "Avoid acquaintance with young ladies. When 'spinning yarns' among silks and satins, a man is sure to become twisted and worsted; and when a man is worsted and twisted he may consider himself wound up."

Hood's Sarsaparilla cleanses the blood.

The Household.

MAGAZINE CLUBS.

At this season of the year most of us are beginning to consider what newspapers and magazines we will read during the year of grace 1884. Both are so cheap as to be within the reach of all, both are indispensable; and the matter of choice and the number one can afford are the principal considerations. There are always some old favorites which head the list, friends, we have almost come to regard them, and then we have a wide range of choice, from the old standard Harper's *Magnate*, whose bubble blowing cherubs have adorned its covers for almost 24 years, the *Century*, *Atlantic*, *Our Continent*, the new aspirant for favor, through the great array of lesser lights, including *Godey*, *Frank Leslie*, *Peterson*, etc. And the children ought not to be forgotten, when *St. Nicholas*, *Young People*, *Youth's Companion*, *Wide Awake* and *Babylonia* are appealing to all ages.

One's "must haves," in making out a list, are apt to figure up a considerable sum total, and must be cut down to more modest proportions, yet it is a false economy to stint the family in books and papers. Both are great helps in keeping the children content at home, safe from the allurements of bad company. In many domestic processes, though the hands are busy in unobtrusive tasks, thought is free as the very air of heaven, and may flow in whatever channels we direct. It makes the work much lighter not to be thinking how unpleasant it is, and how we wish we had been "born to the purple." What better diversion, which is at the same time a mental aid, can we have than the memory of some article we have just read, which we go over again, fixing its points in our minds, the best way in the world to make it "our very own." Many minds are very like sieves; no matter how much is put into them, the most escapes, and there is but the chaff and bran which sticks because it happens to. This comes of always reading and never thinking, the latter being as it were the process of digestion, by which we assimilate information.

Moreover, in our periodicals is to be found the cream of the literature of the day. The best talent is employed, the names of the most noted of our *litterateurs* are found upon the table of contents of our leading magazines. Every issue is a literary record of the times, each volume an epitome of history of the topics which stir the public pulse; while newspapers chronicle passing events, magazines are an index of how these events shape the current of thought. But it is hardly necessary to itemize the benefits of these great educational forces, the present question is how to get enough of them to satisfy our ever increasing appetite.

By taking advantage of the club rates given by many newspapers, one can reduce regular rates considerably. When two or three or more families unite and each subscribe for one periodical, afterward exchanging with each other, so that each family has the reading of all the magazines taken, a good supply of reading matter is easily secured. One of the most successful and best conducted magazine clubs we have heard of has been in practical operation for several years in Ashby, Mass. The plan, as reported by the Massachusetts *Ploughman*, is as follows:

About thirty families are represented, and the number of journals and periodicals taken is sufficient to give each member the first reading of one, as it is delivered at the postoffice. The members decide what they will take, and the treasurer secures the periodicals and papers on the best terms from a newspaper agency. Each member is furnished with a printed sheet on which are the rules of the club and the order in which the papers are to be passed from one to another. Each member is required to enter on his list the time when each publication was received, the number of days it was kept, and when forwarded to the next on the list. No magazine is to be kept longer than one week, and no one can cut a number. If one is found out it is sent back till it reaches the one who cut it, who is required to replace it by a duplicate. At the end of the year the numbers are all brought to the treasurer, and sold by auction to the highest bidder, the pro-

ceeds going to reduce the first cost of the succeeding year's subscription rates. The *pro rata* cost to the members of the club was less than three dollars, for which trifling sum they had the reading of nearly thirty of the best magazines and periodicals of the day, embracing a range which included Little's Living Age, our own standards, the best juvenile publications, in fact, such a variety that the varying tastes of all the subscribers were gratified.

Such clubs are practicable, on a smaller scale, in every farming community, as well as in villages. We commend the idea to our readers as worthy of consideration at this season of the year.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

I stepped into one of our leading bookstores the other day to look over some of the editions of *luxe* made ready for the holiday trade. It is much the fashion at present to select some poem, and by the aid of the fanciful imagery of the artist to illustrate and embellish the theme by scenes portraying the sentiment of the poem as to make a volume uniting both the charms of poetry and art. Possibly the most noted book of the character this year is Poe's "Raven," illustrated by Gustave Dore, the great French artist who died less than a year ago, this being his last work. There are twenty-six illustrations, every one instinct with the remarkable genius of this strange man "who saw not as other men," but whose wayward, weird imagination wrought out strange and wonderful fancies. Perhaps the most striking of the illustrations are one in which Death is represented as sitting upon the world, in token of its subjection to him, a few pale stars in the cloudy background, and the raven piercing the darkness on outspread wings; another with the motto "In this room by Horror haunted," where he who hears the "Nevermore" writhes in despair and agony, half turning in his chair, over which the shadowy figure of "Lenore" is leaning, under a bust which represents an awful horror; and the last, in which Death is bearing away "the lost Lenore" above an angry sea, from the dark, rocky castle, toward which the raven is flying. Dore's erratic imagination, which found something in to itself in the grotesque and uncanny, seems to have delighted in the opportunities offered by this strange poem, and has given us something striking and peculiar, if not beautiful.

Turning to more popular books we find "Evangeline," with illustrations by F. O. C. Darley, and a unique cover of alligator skin. There is a new fashion in bindings in these holiday books; they seem to be fastened together with cords, the edges of the leaves, full gilt, forming the backs. Others have sides which seem to be highly polished panels of dark wood, very quaint and pretty.

We have this year a novelty in illustrated books with flexible, illuminated covers with fringed edges, like Christmas cards. "Rock of Ages," Tennyson's "Brook," Jean Ingelow's "Songs of Seven," in this form are pretty holiday souvenirs at \$1.50 each. There are no Prang prize cards this year, and the Christmas cards, while no less fine in design, are certainly cheaper than ever. Perhaps the fashion of sending them is "going out;" certain it is there are not wanting those who aver it is a nuisance to receive so many useless yet expensive trifles, which one does not wish to throw away, yet finds no place for.

The dolls of the period are really artistic. Perishable wax and shiny earthen are quite superseded by bisque and papier mache. And they have "real hair," and "eyes that open and shut," and all the other doll accomplishments dear to the child-heart, for the small sum of \$1 to \$1.50, and from that upward. There is the bald-headed baby to be dandled in long clothes, and the young lady to be dressed in ball costume, and the faces are childlike and delicately tinted, and the eyes all have a very much astonished look. Troops of children, boys and girls, set to admire the gaily dressed display, and seem to do much as did Traddles and his Sophie, choose which they will have, carefully canvassing the claims of rival candidates, without even the shadow of a hope of possession.

"WHISKEY DID IT."

There was a most impressive temperance sermon preached in this city on Thanksgiving Eve. The argument was not from the pulpit or the platform, but from the death-dealing throat of a shotgun. A policeman, in discharge of his duty under due warrant of the law, was shot down as unceremoniously as one might put a bullet through a rabid dog. The wounded man had but time to gasp a last word of loving remembrance for the wife so soon to be a widow, before his words were choked by the death rattle; and as he died, a man with the brand of Cain upon his brow fled into the night, only to be hunked down and brought back to his punishment. In reply to his accusers he had only this to say: "Whiskey did it, I had been drinking all day."

Into a happy little home where the supper is spread on the table, and the children are prattling of "papa," is borne a still heart and lips forever silent. Happiness vanishes before this awful image of death. What a pathetic picture it makes, this bereaved wife, with her fatherless babes about her, hiding her face from human sympathy, like a wounded animal, and refusing to be comforted! Her grief had not the poor solace of a last farewell from her husband, the shock was like the electric bolt from heaven in its suddenness, and it does, sorrow only crushes and wounds, it does not kill.

"My poor darlings! what will become of me, I leave them destitute!" were the last words of the dying man. How the brief span of life left to him must have been embittered by the thought of the poverty and desolation about to come upon those he loved!

And there was yet another stricken by this tragedy, the unhappy girl-wife, who, with her babe too young to know its

father's sin or its mother's misery, was taken to the station house, glad of its grim shelter, because, as she said, she had "no money, no friends, and no place to go to," what a sad and hopeless future dawns upon her, to be forever haunted by the thought that her husband is a mur erer!

One dead man, one felon, two widows, four fatherless children, and three pints of whiskey did it! What possibilities in every saloon!!

"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST."

Whenever I see a woman attached to a puppy by a string, or carrying one about in her arms, I am at once profoundly sorry for, and decidedly indignant at her. Sorry, that with the divine power of loving beings of a higher order of intelligence, she has nothing but a dog to bestow her affection upon; indignant, that she should make herself and inferentially her sex, ridiculous in the eyes of every sensible person. I could forgive her folly; it is difficult to overlook her folly. It is not unusual to meet a handsomely dressed woman on the street reading a blanketed and beboxed poodle by a ribbon, or driving about with one by her side, but I have never yet seen a lady thus equipped who did not provoke sarcastic criticism and open ridicule.

It is a trifle wearisome to listen to long monologues on the perfection and ailments of even the most interesting intelligent of pups, although like the famous one Lord Southdown proposed to give Becky Sharp, you could "hang your hat on his nose;" it is somewhat nauseating, to say the least, to see a dainty, fastidious woman kissing and caressing a dog and allowing it to lick her face in return. And yet women will do both. One supposed to have arrived at years of discretion furnished plenty of amusement for a house full of boarders by her behavior over "poor dear Cas," a little nuisance forever under foot and with a perennial bark. I met another on a street car the other day, carrying a diminutive black-and-tan, whose feet she carefully wiped on her fine cambric handkerchief upon entering; the "little darling" had escaped a moment, and slightly soiled its dainty feet. An elegantly attired woman walked down West Fort Street recently attended by a body guard of two canines, exactly alike, whose shining steel collars were connected by a chain about a foot long. "Twins, by the nine gods of Rome!" for there was a blue bow on one and a red one on the other.

But the climax of canine adoration was reached on a Grand Trunk car not long ago. There entered a "fool woman" with a dog about as large as a good sized rat in her arms, which she was carrying as if it were a baby. Sitting down she began: "Hush—h—h! There's—e—l!" as a mother might soothe a restless child. Every one looked up, of course. The "hushing" continued, then her voice broke the smiling silence: "Jim, you look in the basket and get the cup and find some water right away; this poor darling is thirsty, I know he is. There—e—e, hush—h—h!" "Jim," who looked as if no one was in the habit of noticing whether he was thirsty or not, meekly complied, the pampered pet was served from a silver cup, rolled in a blanket and held in the sunshine "for fear he was cold," and otherwise made a means of making his mistress supremely ridiculous, until the car full of people were in a gale of laughter and even the conductor, grim as only a Grand Trunk official can be, had to retreat to the baggage car to regain his professional gravity.

But some dog-loving sister says "Can't we have pets?" Why yes, only don't be so abominably silly about them. There are women of all degrees of mental calibre; I suppose a pug can rouse all the best elements of some natures. Yet it seems somewhat sorrowful when one thinks of the motherless babes in the world, forlorn little waifs born to grow up in sin, because no other way is made known to them, that a beast should win so much affection, when suffering humanity might appeal in vain. "Religion is beautiful," says a sarcastic eastern journal, "but a real black-and-tan is incomparably superior." Alas that the bitter reproach should be sometimes true!

Although I am aware that Mrs. Ben. Butler always travels with her dog, and that Elizabeth Stuart Phelps turns from her speculations about Heaven and a hereafter to caress her favorite and inseparable pug, I cannot help feeling that to see a woman haltered to a dog on the street, gives us a right to doubt her possession of "good roundabout common-sense." At least, if over a woman ought to "see herself as others see her," it is when she takes to the pave with a puppy.

BEATRIX.

IN ALL TRADES BUT OURS.

We all know what it is to pick pebbles out of our raisins and coffee, to have the box of choice confectionary yield up its lower stratum burnt and bitter; to find our pound of steak round in more sense than one, inasmuch as it is carefully wrapped round a piece of loose bone and suet; to have the new suit prove shoddy; the leather of a right boot miserably weak; our furniture glued where it should be riveted, and the "all wool" mattress stuffed with the black and worthless flyings from a carding machine. Indeed, these and many other frauds are revealed to us so often that our confidence in our fellow-creatures is quite apt to give way with our hair and teeth. But through all we pin our faith to the "honest farmer." His hayseeded locks are supposed to hide a brain where justice reigns, his blue jeans to cover an honest heart, and his brown hand to grasp at no illegal shilling. We sometimes hear of his wheat sacks and apple barrels being quite skillfully "stuffed," he occasionally slaughters some animal to save it from a slower death, and offers its carcass to an unsuspecting public; while his better half, in order to fill her market basket or crate, robs the belated setting hen of something quite too old for eggs and too young for poultry; or by currying her tainted, packed poultry in fresh buttermilk, lends to it a fresh flavor just long enough to allow it to reach the hands, not mouth, of the con-

sumer, when it suddenly resumes its former elements, and verily! its last taste is worse than its first.

But these reports fail to dim the luster of that seal of honesty handed down the vista of ages to the tiller of the soil, and while we condemn the tricks of all, from the lawyer down to the crook and the butcher, we always hug ourselves in happy self-complacency and think, "In every trade but ours." A. H. J. THOMAS, Nov. 30, '83.

Fashion Notes.

Beaver in its natural color will rival astrachan as a fashionable trimming.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

(Continued from first page.)

Prof. Johnson said that better preparations should be made by the managers of fairs for the reception and care of cattle on the grounds. Often exhibitors were put to serious inconvenience by the delay in preparing proper accommodations for stock.

A vote of thanks was returned to Senator Palmer and the Board of Trade for the free use of their halls; also to the officers of the Association for the manner in which they had attended to their duties the past year.

The following resolutions, presented by H. H. Hinds and Prof. Johnson, were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we approve of the resolutions adopted at the convention recently held at Chicago, in relation to contagious diseases among live stock in this country, and most cordially endorse the appointment of Hon. Wm. Ball as member of the committee to secure legislation.

Resolved, That this convention heartily approves of the recommendation of the President of this Association in his opening address in reference to the establishment of a fully equipped veterinary department at our State Agricultural College, and learn with pleasure that the State Board of Agriculture have taken the initiative in this direction by employing a professor of veterinary science to deliver a course of practical lectures on this subject.

The next place of meeting was then discussed, and Lansing was decided upon. The time set is the first Tuesday in December, 1884, beginning at 7 o'clock P. M.

After arranging to meet at the FARMER office the next morning at 8 o'clock to visit Hiram Walker & Sons' establishment, the Association adjourned.

PENCIL SKETCHES BY THE WAY.

(Continued from last week.)

Lack of space compelled us last week to cut short our "Sketches" from Kalamazoo Co., so we give the conclusion below, and in doing so desire to heartily thank the parties we met during our flying visit for their uniform courtesy.

In company with Messrs. Pearson and Hammond, we visited the home farm of 150 acres that is owned and managed by B. S. Williams, one of the most practical farmers whom we have met on this trip.

It lies midway on the road to Mr. Pearson's, and is beautifully situated. The soil is rich and highly productive. The barns and tenant house have been lately repaired, painted and placed in good condition; in fact, the buildings are all of a high order, and we notice particularly that his men and teams were hauling gravel from a pit on the farm, and thoroughly graveling all the yards and lanes around the buildings. Mr. Williams has been a resident of this country for many years, is one of the solid business men of Kalamazoo, largely interested in her growth and future prosperity. He has a handsome residence on one of the best streets in the city, (that is to be shortly), and spends much of his time in caring for this farm, as well as another of some 300 acres. This is his recreation, and he enjoys the idea of having something to care for and improve. He has for the last 35 years bred largely of American Merinos, and as a sequence of his judgment has to-day a very fine flock, though unregistered. We learn from the record of their clip this year that 10 of his yearling rams averaged from 14 to 20 lbs., and averaged 16.6 lbs.; that 20 yearling ewes averaged 12.8 lbs.; and 54 of his breeding ewes averaged 12.7 lbs. of eleven months growth, thus thoroughly attesting that he is breeding for merit and wool. In his flock we saw some good rams, both aged and yearlings, and also some ewes and ewe lambs that were good ones.

In their pens we saw some Jersey Reds, Poland-Chinas and a pair of Cheshires that he purchased of Mr. Britt, Ridgeway, N. Y. This being the first pair of this breed that we have seen, we looked them over closely, and admired their fine form and striking characteristics. He is also interested in bee culture. His house and hives are on the Peter Kock Apiary plan, are non-swarming, in cupboards hives. The building is 12x16 feet, made warm for winter and cool for summer, the walls being eight inches thick and filled with saw dust; the ceilings and floor are the same. The hives are placed inside in cupboards, with an entrance from the outside for the bees through a tube to the hives. It is exceedingly profitable, for from some of the hives he has taken 125 pounds of comb honey. All in all this is the most perfect plan that we have seen this year. Mr. Williams' energy, enterprise and judgment are all enlisted in his farming operations, and he is doing much toward advancing the standard of intellectual farming.

Mr. A. W. Ingerson, in the town of Cooper, Kalamazoo Co., has a farm of 100 acres of strong, rolling land, with good houses, tasty in its design, and nice barns. For years he has been grading his cattle up by using "only thoroughbred sires"; but desirous of reaching a higher standard, he purchased eight years ago from B. J. Bidwell, of Tecumseh, her breeder, the Shorthorn heifer Lady Roan, who is now 10 years old. She is a large cow, with straight broad back, and has proved to be a good milker and breeder. She was sired by Burlington 13574, out of Lilly 21 by 2d Duke of Tecumseh 11839, etc., tracing back to 8th Duke of Tecumseh 16039, he was bred to 8th Duke of Hilldale 11760, by J. E. B. Stuart 6900. The white cow Pearl Cooper was calved April 1879, and was sired by 21st Duke of Tecumseh 22937, dam Alta Cooper by 8th Duke of Tecumseh 16039 tracing to Lady Munday by imp. Nan Martin (3079). The red cow Duchess 10th was bred by B. J. Bidwell, and sired by Broadbalt 24 37792, dam was Duchess 6th by Noble Duke 24 15005; second dam Duchess 1st by Airdrie 2478, 3d dam Anna Dillard by imp. Young Chilton 1181; 5th dam imp. Red Rose by Ernesty 10017. At the head of the herd is Mazurka's Oxford 8th 33333, now five years old. He is a large animal, with a good shoulder, fine head and a good stock-getter. He was bred by B. J. Bidwell, and got by Mazurka's Oxford 12438, with 6th Duchess for dam, and tracing to Airdrie 2478, imp. Young Chilton 1181, Ernesty

10017, Lancaster (880), etc. His owner has used him as far as he can and he is now for sale. The young bull Barrington Lad is red with some white, was calved April 1883, bred by J. C. & G. Hamilton of Mt. Sterling, Ky., was got by Barrington Duke 87623, dam Miss Renick Barrington by Earl of Barrington 70107. He is a likely young animal and we shall expect to see him develop into a fine animal. His breeding is excellent. Among the young stock in this herd we notice the two year old Daphne Cooper, with Pearl Cooper for dam, and Mazurka's Oxford 8th for sire, a yearling heifer with Viola Cooper for dam and the same bull sire; also Elsie, red and white, with Pearl for dam, same sire, and the young bull Jumbo with Lady Roan for dam, and Wringle with Misa for dam and sired by Romeo by 23d Duke of Airdrie, and Rosa Cooper from Mazurka 8th and Pearl for dam. Mr. Ingerson gives promise from his selections—his herd at present, of being one of the leading breeders of Shorthorn stock in this county. We also saw his four-year-old stallion, Billy Clinton, by Dauntless, one of the best sons of Rysdyk's Hambletonian; he stands 15 1/2 high, is of good action, and his dam was by Vermont Hero, he by Sherman Black, he by the original Black Hawk. Also the young Barnum by Gilt-Edge, with same dam as Billy Clinton. Mr. I. has been fortunate in taking previous stalls this fall at the fairs with his cattle, his stallions and roadsters.

ON THE WING.

Mr. FRANK HURD, member of Congress from the Toledo, Ohio district, who is a strong free trader, announces his intention to introduce a bill this session of Congress, removing all duties upon foreign wools. We recommend his case to his political associate, Mr. George L. Converse, from the same great State, who has promised the wool-growers of Ohio to have the old rate of duty restored. Mr. M. J. Lawrence, who was certain that Messrs. Garland and Markham, of the National Wool-Growers' Association, did not do their duty by the men they represent, can now do a good work by harmonizing the views of the Ohio Congressmen.

Mother Swan's Worm Syrup.

Infalible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic, for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. 25c

Alfred Tenneyson

has contributed to the Christmas Number of YOUTH'S COMPANION the only poem he has written for an American publication this year. The same issue has a bright sketch by Charles Read, entitled "The Kindly Jest." As this number is a double number of twenty pages, it is full of entertaining stories, sketches of travel and adventure, poems, puzzles, with numerous illustrations. The frontispiece of the colored cover is drawn by Harry Fenn. The publishers will give this Christmas Number free to any one who subscribes now. They are printing 250,000 copies to supply the demand for it. It will be ready December 13th.

Beatty Parlor Organs.

We are reliably informed that Mayor Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey, is manufacturing and shipping a complete organ every five minutes, and that he has over 5,000 constantly in progress of manufacture. If you desire to secure his latest limited time price of only \$45.75, you should be sure to order within five days from date of this newspaper. Read his advertisement, and order without delay.

COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, Dec. 11, 1883.

Flour.—Receipts for the week 3,313 bags, against 1,700 bbls, last week, and 4,981 bbls for the corresponding week in 1882. Shipments, 2,965 bbls. There is no change to note in the situation, either in the condition of stocks or values. The demand is largely confined to local wants, which are fully up to the average. Quotations yesterday were as follows:

Michigan white wheat, choice, \$4.75 @ 50
Michigan white wheat, roller process 55c @ 50
Michigan white wheat, patents, 60c @ 50
Minnesota, bakers, 57c @ 50
Minnesota, patents, 72c @ 50
Rye, 63c @ 50

Wheat.—After a week of great quietness in wheat, there was some appearance of a reaction on Saturday, prices showing a slight advance. Yesterday values on all kinds of produce were stronger, and under an improved demand, wheat, both for spot and future delivery, was advanced, closing firm at highest points reached. Closing prices were as follows on cash wheat: No. 1 white, \$1.04 1/2; No. 2 white, 95c; No. 3 red, \$1.01. On futures: December, \$1.04 1/2; January, \$1.06; February, \$1.07 1/2.

Corn.—Market unsettled, but the recent advance in price is well sustained. For No. 2 corn, 58c is paid, and for new mixed 56c. Rejected sold yesterday at 55c per bu., new rejected at 53c per bu. Oats.—No. 2 white, 95c; No. 3 red, 93c per bu., and No. 2 white at 95c. The market rules very steady.

Onion.—Demand good and prices steady. Pine Ohio and Illinois selling at \$2.00 per bu. for fresh ground.

Feed.—Very quiet, and prices somewhat unsettled. Bran is nominal at \$1.00 per bu., and middlings at \$1.07 1/2.

Lined Meal.—Demand active; for Detroit brand quotations are \$1.00 per sack in retail lots, and \$2.00 per ton sacked, in one or two lots, for 100, 500, and 1,000 sacks.

Apples.—The market is very quiet, but prices show no change. Small orders are being filled at 75c @ 75.

Beans.—Inactive and depressed; pickers are quoted at \$2.00 per bu. for best stock; unpicked are not quotable at over \$1.50 per bushel. Farmers' wagon buyers are paying \$1.75 @ 2.00.

Butter.—Market quiet. Choice is scarce, and the creamery is quoted at 20c @ 22c per lb. Good fair butter sells at 22c @ 23c per lb., and low grade stock at 18c @ 19c.

Cheese.—Market steady. Full cream State are quoted at 14c @ 15c per lb., and cream quality at 13c @ 14c.

Beeswax.—Scarce and firm at 30c @ 32c per lb.

Eggs.—Supply light and market firm at 27c for fresh, Illinois, 25c @ 26c.

Dried Apples.—But few offering, and those southern, which are quoted at 70c @ 75c per bu. Evaporated fruit is worth 10c.

Hay.—Baled on track is selling at \$1.00 @ 1.10; on dock, \$1.10 @ 1.20.

Honey.—Quiet. New comb is offered at 15c @ 20c, and well strained at 14c.

Receivers are offering 18c @ 20c per bu., according to quality. For State, New York are quoted at 20c @ 22c for choice.

Dressed Hogs.—Few were received yesterday. Prices are nominal at 7c @ 7 1/2c per hundred for average weight. Light hogs would not command over 5c @ 5 1/2c, and pigs 5c @ 5 1/2c.

Seeds.—Clover is firmer. Cash seed is selling at \$6.10. December deliveries are quoted at \$6.00 @ 6.10. January at \$5.15 and February at \$5.05.

Potatoes.—The market is quiet and steady with only a local demand. Quotations are 5c @ 5 1/2c for choice Early Rose.

Hickory Nuts.—In good supply at \$1.25 for shell-balls and at \$1 for large nuts.

Maple Sugar.—Quiet at \$1.10 @ 1.15; syrup, 75c @ 80c per gallon.

Onions.—In fair demand and good supply at \$1.75 @ 1.85 per bu.

Poultry.—Offerings of dressed poultry are light. Turkeys are selling at 12c @ 14c; chickens at 8c @ 10c; ducks at 12c, and geese at 6c @ 8c per lb. Poultry—Barreled pork and lard have advanced, and are very firm; smoke meats unchanged, as are also veal and dried beef and tallow. Quotations in this market are as follows:

Mess, new, 14 1/2 @ 15 00
Family do, 15 00 @ 15 25
Clear do, 16 00 @ 16 25
Lard in kegs, per lb., 9 1/2 @ 9 3/4
Hams, per lb., 13 1/2 @ 14
Shoulders, per lb., 7 1/2 @ 8
Choice bacon, per lb., 8 1/2 @ 9
Extra mess beef, 11 1/2 @ 12
Tallow, per lb., 6 1/2 @ 6 3/4
Dried beef, per lb., 13 @ 13 1/2

Hay.—The following are the record of the sales at the Michigan Avenue sales for the week ending Monday—40 loads; fourteen at \$12; thirteen at \$10; four at \$14, \$11, \$10 and \$10 1/2.

Tuesday—40 loads; thirteen at \$10; six at \$12; five at \$13 and \$9; four at \$10 1/2 and \$9; three at \$14; one at \$12 1/2, \$10 1/2, \$10 and \$9.

Wednesday—48 loads; ten at \$10 and \$9; seven at \$12; five at \$13 and \$11; three at \$14, and \$12; one at \$12 1/2, \$10 1/2, \$10 and \$9.

Thursday—37 loads; seven at \$12; six at \$12 and \$11; four at \$13 and \$12; three at \$14, and \$12; one at \$12 1/2, \$10 1/2, \$10 and \$9.

Friday—12 loads; five at \$12; two at \$13, \$10 1/2 and \$10; one at \$11.

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Friday—12 loads; five at \$12; two at \$13, \$10 1/2 and \$10; one at \$11.

Saturday—37 loads; six at \$12; four at \$13, \$11, \$10 1/2, \$10 and \$9; one at \$14, \$11, \$10 1/2, \$10 and \$9.

Sunday—12 loads; five at \$12; two at \$13, \$10 1/2 and \$10; one at \$11.

Monday—40 loads; fourteen at \$12; thirteen at \$10; four at \$14, \$11, \$10 and \$10 1/2.

Tuesday—40 loads; thirteen at \$10; six at \$12; five at \$13 and \$11; three at \$14, and \$12; one at \$12 1/2, \$10 1/2, \$10 and \$9.

Patten sold John Devine 53 av 160 lbs at \$4.25.

McCafferty sold Webb Bros 147 av 230 lbs at \$4.45.

Lee sold Hammond 54 av 280 lbs at \$4.05.

Harber sold John Devine 81 av 180 lbs at \$4.45.

Harber sold Wreford & Beck 53 av 188 lbs at \$4.45.

Clark sold Hammond 32 av 270 lbs at \$4.65.

Thomas sold Wreford & Beck 107 av 160 lbs at \$4.40.

Kaisher sold Webb Bros 107 av 210 lbs at \$4.65.

Harber sold Hammond 30 av 245 lbs at \$4.70.

Harber sold John Devine 78 av 171 lbs at \$4.45.

Harber sold Hammond 30 av 244 lbs at \$4.40.

Harber sold Wreford & Beck 42 av 174 lbs at \$4.40.

Harber sold Wreford & Beck 50 av 210 lbs at \$4.50.

Harber sold Webb Bros 107 av 210 lbs at \$4.50.

Harber sold Hammond 47 av 222 lb at \$4.75.

Harber sold Wreford & Beck 71 av 240 lbs at \$4.50.

Harber sold John Devine 57 av 205 lbs at \$4.45.

Harber sold Webb Bros 37 av 165 lbs at \$4.25.

Harber sold Webb Bros 40 av 182 lbs at \$4.80.

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